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SEP 9 1948

THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION

The Week-end Review

XXXVI. No. 910. [Incorporating THE ATHENÆUM] SATURDAY, AUGUST 14, 1948 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a newspaper] SIXPENCE

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CHANCE OF A BREATHING SPACE?

E first object of the Western envoys in their with Mr. Molotov was to convince the sians that the United States and Britain are us in their refusal to accept any solution of facet of the German problem which is osed by coercion. In the particular issue of in the Western Powers, thanks to the bullock-led diplomacy of their military commanders the failure of the State Department and eign Office to foresee Russian reactions to ateral steps taken in Frankfurt, have placed nselves in a position which is neither logically militarily tenable. There has consequently a real danger that the Russians, knowing strength in this particular matter, might play their hand—forgetting that, if men or ons make up their mind that at some point are determined to make a stand, they may ndifferent to the merits of the particular case choose to defend.

he Moscow conversations will be intermin-, however, if it is expected that all points in ute must be settled before the Four Power ference begins. What can reasonably be ired is some assurance that the Conference ld not again break down on the very points led to rupture at the ill-fated Conference of Foreign Ministers in London last November.

t that Conference the Russian terms for a eral settlement were that there should be r-Power control of the Ruhr; that Germany ld be required to pay immense reparations n current production; that there should be mocratic" elections for a Central Government Berlin, and that subsequently there should be neral withdrawal of Occupation Forces. In ing these proposals the Russians were ated undoubtedly by their desire to prevent resources—and particularly the military ntial—of Bizonia being used exclusively to gthen a Western Bloc. Mr. Marshall d not fail to perceive that, if the Russians unlimited powers of interference by veto in Ruhr, and if West German production ensively pump-primed with dollars and ling at the Western end) were drained away Russia in astronomical reparation payments, the main pillar of his Plan would fall: economically and militarily the weakened Western Bloc would be a liability rather than an asset. There was, too, from the Anglo-American standpoint, the consideration that in a Germany no longer occupied, but with Russian troops much closer at hand than those of the Western Powers, a Central German Government in Berlin might be captured by a Russian-made Communist majority. Hence the breakdown of the Conference, and the unilateral actions and reactions which followed.

Another Four Power Conference which merely re-staged this fundamental deadlock would be futile. Yet we are convinced that, if a provisional arrangement can be reached in Berlin—and there is ample scope here for a face-saving bargain over currencies and communications—the idea of a Conference should by no means be abandoned. If it is to get anywhere, it must clearly begin *de novo* and on the basis of certain definite assumptions. First, so long as relations between the U.S.A. and the U.S.S.R. are such as to compel the General Staffs in Washington and Moscow to think in terms of a possible war within the next few years, there can be no question of a unified Reich; a reunited Germany would be too dangerously powerful a pawn in the game of power politics. Secondly, though the temporary partition of Germany is consequently inevitable, the immediate aim of diplomacy should be to prevent partition leading to the competitive building-up of Western and Eastern German resources, with the progressive risk that the upshot would be a civil war within the Reich into which the whole world would be drawn.

This means that every effort should be made to find means of modifying the rigidity of a partition. It may be impossible now to reconstitute completely quadripartite control of Germany; and, if the Western Powers intend (as apparently they do) to go forward with their plan for a capital in Frankfurt, they must recognise that they can offer no logical objection to the existence, under virtually exclusive Russian influence, of an Eastern capital in Berlin. Economically, however, the two halves of a divided Germany must continue to be largely inter-dependent. And, for planning purposes, there is an obvious case for Russian participation in the control of the Ruhr, just as there is an equally strong case for participation by the Western Powers in the development of industrial Saxony. It would, of course, be intolerable if the Soviet Union were to claim the right to sabotage by veto any industrial rehabilitation of Western Germany on the ground that it would be a menace to her security; and decisions in the Ruhr Control would have to be by the majority vote already accepted by the three Western Powers. But the presence of Russian and French representatives in the Control would surely be sufficient to ensure that none of the resources of the Ruhr were employed in the manufacture of material for military use; and the Russians cannot ignore the fact that all the satellite members of the Eastern Bloc are keenly aware of the difficulties put in the way of their own reconstruction plans by their inability to obtain at present adequate supplies of German steel and machinery.

It is unrealistic to suppose that—except as part of a wider settlement which may be possible later—any final agreement on the whole problem of Germany can be reached this autumn by the Four Powers. But if an "agreement to disagree," based on the provisional partitioning of the Reich, could be softened by even a limited co-operation in economic planning, a genuine breathing space might be secured. That would in itself be no mean gain.

General Clay and the State Department

The diplomatic black-out appears to be concealing more than a tussle between East and West; judging from American comment there has been a considerable change of front by the American policy-makers, and even some change in the balance of power amongst those policy-makers. Mr. Marshall's great prestige and consequent power to influence the American Cabinet have been diminished by the obvious fact that the President has ignored his advice on the Palestinian issue, and by the general belief that there will be a new Secretary of State within six months. As a result, the power of policy-making has seeped away from the centre to the extremists, and in particular has been concentrated in the hands of General Clay, who was the chief U.S. representative in Berlin when American world policy was being demonstrated. In the period of "open diplomacy," which recently ended, General Clay made it known that he favoured pushing convoys through the Russian blockade by force if necessary. Suddenly the State Department and the White House recognised this would mean war, and realised that America was neither physically nor morally prepared for war. As a result, General Clay was hurriedly recalled and informed that he must stop being bellicose: failing Four Power agreement, the Berlin issue must be taken the long diplomatic route through the Security Council to the General Assembly. However, it was still General Clay who went back to Berlin (though chastened and temporarily gagged) and he is still capable of exerting tremendous influence on American policy through his reports, which go not to Mr. Marshall and the State Department, but to Mr. Forrestal and the Defence Department. Mr. Lippmann and Mr. Sumner Welles in the columns of the *Herald-Tribune* are publicly demanding his recall or at least his obvious and public subordination to State Department control. It is possible that General Clay would prefer to resign and accuse his opponents of appeasement.

Nationalism and the Cominform

In the Danube Conference at Belgrade, Mr. Bebler, the Yugoslav Deputy Foreign Minister, has taken the lead in supporting Mr. Vyshinsky's draft charter for a revised Danubian Commission and in rejecting vigorously American and British claims to participate in the control of navigation on the river. It has seemed as though the Yugoslav Government desired to stress its political solidarity with the Soviet Union. On the other hand, there are no signs that what might be termed the psychological breach between the Yugoslav leaders and the Kremlin is being healed. In a despatch from Belgrade, which we print on a later page, Miss Doreen Warriner, an objective observer with close knowledge of Yugoslavia, reaches the conclusion that there was real substance in the criticisms levelled by the members of the Cominform against certain aspects of Yugoslav planning, both economic and political. But her report, which confirms views already expressed in our columns, by no means disposes of the suspicion that the dominant Soviet element in the Cominform was very ready to exploit these weaknesses in the Yugoslav situation for other reasons; the nature of their attack on Marshal Tito and his colleagues points to deep Russian resentment at Yugoslavia's refusal to submit to unconditional Soviet tutelage. The publication this week of the acrimonious letters exchanged between Moscow and Belgrade before the Bucharest meeting of the Cominform provides ample evidence of Russian hostility. Their fantastic charges that General Velebit and Dr. Leontic, former Yugoslav Ambassador in London, were British spies are as irrelevant to the controversy over principles of planning as their complaint that Soviet Missions and experts were treated with lack of confidence, and that the Yugoslav Government put obstacles in the way of the recruitment of a Russian espionage service in Yugoslavia. The Kremlin was doubtless infuriated by the implication of Marshal Tito's retort that "anyone may love the Soviet Union, but in no circumstances can he love his own country less." Here was an attitude which might be contagious; the suzerainty of the Soviet Union in her sphere of influence must be sharply reasserted. Hence the demand for a purge and a new deal in Yugoslavia, and hence, too, the pressure which has been exercised on Hungary to deal with "Kulaks"—an ominous and foreign word in Hungary. This is generally regarded as a step towards collectivisation of agriculture—a step which the Hungarian, no less than the Polish, Communists must recognise to be both premature and politically risky.

The Italian Colonies

The Foreign Ministers' deputies are now engaged on the task of trying to draft agreed recommendations for the future of Italy's former colonies in Africa. If they fail, the problem will be placed on the agenda for next month's Session in Paris of the United Nations' Assembly. How the deputies are to reconcile the views which they have heard from the nineteen "interested" governments is not clear. Commonsense would suggest that none of these politically backward and economically under-developed territories is yet ready for self-government; some form of trusteeship administration under Uno auspices is, for the time being, the only obvious solution. The question is what nation or nations shall act in the capacity of trustee. Either because they want to pose as Italy's friends, or because their aim is to prevent the combined Chiefs of Staff in Washington from turning Lybia into an Anglo-American military base, the Soviet Union and the Eastern European States now propose that the whole of the colonies should be turned back to Italy as trustee. Considerations of power politics apart, it seems doubtful whether this is a practicable solution. It would be resisted bitterly by Ethiopia, which has a legitimate claim to access to the Red Sea through Eritrea; it would evoke furious resentment among the Arabs of Cyrenaica; and it is in any case hard to believe that Italy could provide the necessary financial resources for the large-scale schemes of irrigation and agricultural development on which the future of these territories depends. What is the alternative? The exercise of trusteeship by an international commission on which all the Big Four Powers would be represented? Given existing relations between the U.S.A. and the U.S.S.R., the suggestion seems impracticable. Trusteeship exercised by the Western Union nations alone? That would almost certainly be vetoed by the Soviet Union on strategic grounds. It looks, therefore, as if the East-West conflict on wider issues is likely to result—supposing any agreement to be reached at all—in a carving up of the Italian colonies, with little enough regard for the wishes of the inhabitants. Somaliland may revert to Italy, and Eritrea be ceded to Abyssinia. As for Lybia, Britain and France will doubtless fight hard to keep their hold, respectively, over Cyrenaica and the Fezzan; but their claims may well be countered by a Russian proposal to exercise trusteeship over Tripolitania—a demand which would certainly produce a complete deadlock in the conference of the Foreign Ministers' deputies and raise in the Assembly the whole explosive issue of the control of the Mediterranean.

Issues for November

The obvious refusal of the Republican element in the special session of Congress to make any attempt to deal with the pressing problems on the domestic front has given President Truman's popularity a slight lift. The lines of the election campaign are now fairly clear. The issue on which the Democrats will concentrate will be the high cost of living, and they will pass over the President's original sweeping abolition of controls in 1945, and point to the refusal of the Republicans to restore controls in 1946 and 1947. The Republicans will not meet the issue but will attack controls as bad as themselves, as an interference with the true faith of free enterprise, and as the thin end of the Red wedge. Every attempt will be made—as in the current investigation—to prove that, in the past, members of the Democratic administration have hobnobbed with Communists and Russians. The inconvenient fact that the American nation was fighting a war in alliance with Soviet Russia for four years will be ignored. The Democrats will attempt to counter this by violent attacks on the Progressive party as Communist-dominated. Since the official Communist party has given its blessing to the Progressives this charge will be readily believed. Appare Mr. Truman intends to make few concession Southern sentiment, but to press ahead with Civil Rights proposals. This is designed to waverers away from Wallace, in the Nort cities, but it may lose the Democrats the elec vote of several Southern States.

Reforms for the Gold Coast

When riots broke out on the Gold Coast February, resulting in a casualty list of 29 ki and 237 injured, the official version was that trouble had been instigated by Communists, Commission of Inquiry was promptly sent with broad terms of reference. The Commis finds that the causes of the troubles were and widespread. There were general poli grievances, such as a constitution which not satisfy nationalist aspirations, inadeq Africanisation of the civil service, unrest am ex-Servicemen, and resentment at the concen tion of certain trades in the hands of foreign Then there were economic grievances—the prices of imported goods; alleged unfair distri tion of goods in short supply; the uprooting diseased cocoa and so on. And finally, there w social grievances, such as insufficient educati facilities, low standards of housing, and the of land alienation. Behind these grievance some of which the Commission found to groundless—lay the general attitude of the peo which is one of complete distrust and suspic towards every Government activity. On fertile soil a group of politicians—only one whom, the prime mover, was a Communist—b their plans for taking over control of adminis tion. Their organisation, the Gold Coast C vention, was undoubtedly behind the immed events leading to the outbreak of trouble. T Commission recognises that radical steps must taken to dispel the suspicion poisoning the of the country and suggests a whole series reforms. The outstanding proposals are fo new constitutional advance, which will give Gold Coast an Assembly almost entirely co posed of elected members, and an Execu Council (or Cabinet) of nine salaried full-t Ministers, of whom five should be Africans. these changes, chiefs will no longer have privileged position. While not agreeing ab the position of the chiefs, a Colonial O statement accepts the suggestion for constituti reform, but insists that the Commission's posals must *first* be considered by the peopl the Gold Coast. A fully representative committee will therefore be set up to examine proposals and consider how they should implemented.

Tension in Indonesia

Events alone will prove the truth of Dr. Ko denial that the Dutch are planning "police acti again in Indonesia. The decision of the Rep lican Cabinet on July 23rd to break off poli negotiations with the Netherlands only formal a situation in which, five weeks earlier, the Du had refused to discuss the proposals for a se ment put forward by the Australian and Ameri representatives of the Good Offices Commit The Dutch blockade, contrary to the Renv Agreement signed by both sides last January clearly aimed at causing economic disintegra of the Republic. The Committee of Good Of informed the Security Council that the Dutch violated the agreement by blockading Java Sumatra and cutting off practically all trade areas controlled by the Republic. As the Phi pine representative pointed out, the Dutch wa to make the Republic's survival as a political e as difficult as possible. Here is one of the important problems facing Mr. W. Drees, who unexpectedly become Prime Minister in the Cabinet just announced at the Hague. On his first duties will be to meet the Indone Delegation of non-Republican States who arrived in Holland to present the resolution the Bandoeng Conference.

FIRST YEAR OF INDEPENDENCE

e British left India just twelve months ago, for that at least all of us should be thankful. e had not left India when we did, we should be involved in an interminable war against mass of both Muslims and Hindus. To have nposed our dominion in India would have n impossible. The attempt would have cost e in men and money than we possessed, and ry day it would have seared our consciences e intolerably. As it was, we left the country n atmosphere of good will that falsified every phet. Even if the sub-continent now goes ough every known evil, civil war, famine, and ent revolution, let us not for one moment et that India and Pakistan have at length n left to work out their own destiny. For two dred years the life of India was sterilised by ish rule. Her economic and population prob- s and her communal division had merely been nsified by British conquest. In spite of, or er because of, the good things we had done, basic dilemma that population increases faster n production had been made sharper. Sooner later problems shelved for two centuries had e faced. They could not be faced while the rgies of these able, sensitive but politically perienced people were concentrated on the le task of getting rid of the British.

ood things have been accomplished during the year of independence. The sub-continent not, as so many expected, been Balkanised. he hundreds of "sovereign" States only two, hmir and Hyderabad, have not acceded to of the Dominions. We may not regard the constitutions of the States as' satisfactory; are their populations yet freed from economic loitation. But Mr. Patel, Mr. V. P. Menon Lord Mountbatten are all to be con- ulated on a political achievement which few ld have thought possible twelve months ago. sub-continent is divided into two, but not hundreds of separate States.

o much on the credit side we can say with rance on Independence Day. We may add , terrible and embittering as the massacres in Punjab were, the whole transition and divi- of the Indian sub-continent took place with bloodshed than was generally anticipated. ond this, we must admit, the outlook to-day is omy, almost as gloomy as that of Europe. The plans of social reform and economic better- nt have been largely thwarted by the com- nal struggle. India, in our view,, made a mis- in ever desiring the accession of Kashmir. e she had agreed to the creation of Pakistan ould have been wiser to admit that Kashmir, ch had always been part of the concept of istan, formed a natural part of the northern minion. The temptation, however, was great, neither Gandhi nor Nehru ever wished India e a communal State and both naturally wel- ned the adherence of a popular reformist mier like Sheik Abdullah, himself a Muslim a predominantly Muslim following. More- Pakistan put itself utterly in the wrong, and ed in an acute form one of the most difficult all Indian problems, when it let loose the esmen over the frontier and, first covertly, now openly, invaded Kashmir with units and pons of its regular army. As a result, the two minions are now engaged in an undeclared war ch is draining their resources and distracting r Governments from their proper functions. Kashmir war is now costing India at least a dred thousand pounds per week. The lic is regaled with true stories of victories by Indian against Pakistan troops, but it may realise that to win local battles is scarcely ortant if they lead on to a futile struggle with tough and warlike Muslim nomads of the hills are capable of sustaining a guerilla resis- e for an indefinite time. It is to be hoped , with a Uno Commission on the spot, the Dominions may agree to compromise in hmir.

India has now an additional reason for wanting a settlement in Kashmir. The Nizam of Hyderabad has on at least two occasions agreed to a reasonable settlement with Delhi and then trumped up excuses for repudiating the terms. India's blockade—the fact of blockade is obvious though its extent is disputed—has not brought him to his knees. Indeed, it is clear that India herself suffers severely from the economic strangulation of this great State which lies within her belly. If she had concentrated on obtaining the Nizam's accession instead of also becoming involved in Kashmir she could have achieved her object before it was complicated by the augmented strength of the Nizam's forces, by the organised fanaticism of Kazim Razvi's stormtroopers, by the gun-running which proceeds by air from Pakistan to Hyderabad and by the widespread social and racial conflict proceeding across Hyderabad's frontiers. Negotiations, undertaken by Sir Mirza Ismail, now appear to have been thwarted by Kazim Razvi's extremists. If Indian troops now invade the Nizam's territory, we must expect that Muslims and Hindus will massacre each other inside Hyderabad, that Hindus will massacre Muslims in India and be massacred by Muslims in Pakistan.

If a general conflagration is avoided it will in part be because the leaders on both sides realise that such a communal war is likely to end not with victory for either side, but with the rapid growth of Communism. Already Communism has carried out an unofficial land redistribution in Nalgonda and Warangel on the Madras-Hyderabad frontier. Many Indians and many foreign observers, who are not Communists, will be in agreement that in the event of such a war the only solution for India will be the success of those leaders, who see most clearly that the interest of the masses lies not in the domination of one communal religion over another, but in the emancipation of the peasantry from poverty and exploitation.

The Mahatma's murder was in many ways a calamity for India. It has removed a moderating influence and the chief focus of peace. But Gandhi was too much a Hindu to face squarely the social problem of India. In his last year he took the side of the most reactionary business influences when he supported the removal of price controls. The results have been disastrous. Prices have risen sharply; hoarding and profiteering have increased social misery. The Socialist Party has not been able powerfully to affect events. It lacks its natural leader, Pandit Nehru, who, without a party machine, is dragged step by step into supporting policies which are a repudiation of his life's faith. The Indian Government has fallen increasingly into the hands of moneyed interests; it cannot act effectively against the extreme Right. It seems unlikely that the resolute action against the Mahasabha and the R.S.S., which followed the Mahatma's assassination will be maintained. Few people can be satisfied with the judicial process now going on against the conspirators who are accused of murdering Gandhi. Savarkar, one of the principal leaders of the Mahasabha, who has himself a terrorist record, is among the accused. It is reported that at the trial Mr. Mukerjee, the present Minister of Supply, was alleged to have asked permission of Savarkar before he took office. That such evidence should pass without visible effect on the Government is generally accepted as proof that the trial will not lead to that suppression of Right-wing fanatics which was expected four months ago. On the contrary, repressive measures are being applied to the Left rather than to the Right. It is not only that Communists are jailed in many areas of India, but a dangerous attack is being made on the press under Clause 4 of the Public Security Act, which penalises newspapers if they dare to criticise the Executive. The wide use of police powers, inherited from the British, has been strongly condemned from the judicial bench, most notably by the Chief Justices of Bengal and Bombay. They complained of the practice of holding people in gaol without trial, and that prisoners released under *habeas corpus* have been re-arrested after leaving the court. Liberals and patriots throughout India are deeply alarmed at signs that Communism is being used merely as an excuse for establishing the power of the most reactionary business elements supported by communally minded fanatics.

An experienced British correspondent in India, intimately informed about current events, writes:

> I and others are more and more struck by the resemblance between India to-day and pre-revolutionary Russia as one reads of it in the great Russian novelists. There is the same general atmosphere of frustration, the same endless talk, the same shady profiteering, the same interminable bureaucracy, the same condition of the little man struggling to get a safe job somewhere in an official post. And the same Communist Party, which, despite the banning and repression, is undoubtedly getting stronger. The Government's support of the boss-sponsored and Congress-organised Indian National Trades Union Congress as against the Communist-inspired All India T.U.C. has caused resentment and cynicism but it has had no effect on the membership of the A.I.T.U.C., which is the only real labour organisation in the country.

Such a comparison, obviously very partial in its application, is not intended to suggest that India or Pakistan is on the verge of Communist revolution. Such a shift in the alignment of social forces could only occur swiftly in the event of world war or perhaps of war between the two Dominions. Pakistan is still economically a feudal State, with only the first stirrings of revolutionary sentiment in the North-West Frontier Province. In the balance against such an upheaval there is not only the growing power of the Right in India, which will go to any lengths to thwart peaceful, let alone violent, revolution, but there is also the incalculable resilience and vast inertia of three hundred million semi-primitive Indian peasants. Much water, and perhaps much blood, will flow down the great rivers of India before this social conflict, so much deeper than the present communal struggle, will find a solution. The immediate need is for the creation of a social revolutionary party, not handicapped by close dependence on Moscow, which will fight for the preservation of civil liberties, demand a peaceful settlement of the quarrel between the Dominion, and support a constructive programme of social emancipation.

THE FRENCH SOCIALISTS' DILEMMA

(By a Correspondent)

Paul Reynaud has succeeded in his bid for statutory powers which most agree are unconstitutional. If, later, he is denied use of these powers, the principal responsibility will fall upon the Socialists. Nobody likes the idea of such powers, partly because few will trust Reynaud's judgment and discretion much beyond the distance they can see him—and statutory powers will take him well out of sight—and partly because the Right and Centre groups in the Assembly are particularly concerned, at the moment, to defend profits. Of the parties of the majority, however (that is, all the parties except the Communists, who have nearly a third of the deputies, and a few disgruntled Gaullists), only the Socialists might dare, in spite of their qualified support for him this week, to pull Reynaud down.

Why should they want to? Briefly, because of the man and the method. One of the more controversial figures of the Third Republic, Reynaud had made himself a name for bitter conservatism long before his disastrous career as Minister of Finance and later Prime Minister before and during the collapse of 1940. "*Nous vaincrons,*" blared his most bombastic slogan of 1939, "*parce que nous sommes les plus forts.*" . . . This was billposted at a time when Reynaud was showing his firm confidence in Parliament and the people's representatives by relieving them of the need to legislate on financial and economic policy, and issuing decrees instead. To-day, nine years later, during a crisis of self-confidence comparable in some ways with that of 1939, Reynaud once again advances with a plan to save Parliament from itself, and the people from the people.

This is the dilemma. Should the Socialists accept Reynaud and his statutory powers, and risk the total undermining of parliamentary institutions? Or should they oppose him, bring down the Marie Government, and precipitate a general election in which the Gaullist cause stands most to gain?

They have hesitated long before deciding. Even now it is unlikely that their final decision has been taken. This is not because French Socialists enjoy hesitating. They know as well as anyone else that years of parliamentary tight-rope walking have brought them little credit with their own rank-and-file, and none with their opponents. Many of the rank-and-file are coming to think that long-continued hesitation involves too great a sacrifice of principle—witness the passionate debates which illumine every Socialist Congress, not to mention a continuing shrinkage in the party's membership and electorate. Their opponents call it rank opportunism. The Communists use the repeated compromise between Socialists and the capitalist parties to prove the inherently treacherous nature of Social Democracy, while the old gentlemen of the Faubourg St. Germain, who thunder from the press and pulpits of the Centre and the Right and govern the French economy, are continually impatient that Blum and his colleagues should still evoke the name of Marx. True enough, the Faubourg St. Germain and all it still speaks for in France, far from accepting the Fourth Republic, has yet to reconcile itself with the Third. It may be that certain tendencies for revolutionary sectarianism, which give the French Communists their ranting style, are a reflection from the Bourbonesque petrifaction of the French aristocracy and the moneyed middle class. However that may be, the Socialists reap abuse from both sides.

They are accustomed to being misunderstood in France. It is disappointing when they find that they are also misunderstood by friends abroad. Transport House, if the *Daily Herald* is anything to go by, seemed to find Socialist reluctance at entering the Marie-Reynaud Government strange and worthy of reproof. Why all this boggling, the *Daily Herald* appears to suggest; isn't Paul Reynaud asking you to help him save the Republic?

Blum and his colleagues never thought that it would be easy to trace a middle course between an alliance with the Communists and a Gaullist dictatorship. On the contrary, they always regarded it as a difficult, and, in the end, perhaps an impossible, operation. But it seemed worth trying, even if only as a means of gaining time. Otherwise, they must have declared for an alliance with the Communists at once, or have forthwith thrown their principles into the ocean of Gaullist discontent.

The need for a middle policy—a "Third Force" as Blum called it—became immediate once the Communists had ceased to form part of the coalition, early in 1947. The normal course of events would then be for the Government to slide gradually but decisively towards the Right. Blum hoped that he could stop this decline, even if he and his party had at first to go with it. Yet he was never very hopeful of success. He knew the old gentlemen of the Faubourg St. Germain far too well. He knew they would not realise that if the Third Force were to prove nothing more than what the Communists said it was—a side-door opened for reaction to seize upon the Fourth Republic—then it would not last five minutes. The slide to the Right would become a slither. The Socialists would have to sign their own electoral death-warrant, or draw back.

So long as Paul Ramadier held office, the Third Force could justify itself by showing that a Government without the Communists need not be an instrument of Right-wing revenge. When he was beaten last November by an inflation for which the commercial classes—that is, the electors of the Right and Centre parties—were largely responsible, and Robert Schuman of the Progressive Catholics became Prime Minister, the Third Force went out of office. It has stayed out of office. For what mattered in this change of Government was not that the composition should have shifted a little to the Right: the essential element was the transfer of economic responsibility from André Philip, Socialist, to René Mayer, financier and businessman.

Piece by piece, René Mayer and his colleagues from the sphere of high finance have dismantled the careful structure of central economic control erected through months and years of labour by Philip and his predecessors at the Treasury. *Laissez faire* became the order of the day. Prices were to find their own level. They did so—and the level was higher with every month that passed; inflation, more violent than before, continued. When the anti-Communist unions organised by *Force Ouvrière* began to strike last month against continually rising prices, the Socialists resigned. There was nothing else for them to do.

If Schuman's Government was run by bankers and businessmen, Marie's team, with Reynaud in the title role, is a return in force to the Third Republic and to orthodox conservatism. It is not a Government *without* the Communists, as the Third Force under Paul Ramadier tried to be, so much as a Government *against* the Communists. There is no longer any question of making concessions to retain Socialist support. Guile has been followed by an open threat: either vote with us or accept an early general election, either Reynaud or de Gaulle. . . .

Understanding all this, nearly half of the Socialist parliamentary group remained irreducibly opposed to entering the Marie-Reynaud coalition. They were overcome by a majority which contained many others who shared their doubts, but were persuaded to accept participation by the personal intervention of Léon Blum, who still thought that they would be better inside the coalition than out. Yet it is significant that Blum has never abandoned his original formula—against the Communists *and* against de Gaulle—or committed the party to giving Reynaud *carte blanche*.

French Socialists would like to feel that the Labour Party understands their dilemma, and does not expect them to give unreserved support to a Government of the Right. For the moment, they are likely to stay in the coalition; and this week's long debate in the Assembly shows that they have at any rate succeeded in removing some of the thornier points in Reynaud's programme. Whether they have thereby gone too far, and rendered it incapable of giving the French economy a new lease of life under parliamentary government, remains to be seen. The course between the Scylla of killing parliament by depriving it of authority, and the Charybdis of completing French economic ruin by allowing parliamentary deadlock to continue, may be impossible to find. What is certain is that the Socialist party is gravely alarmed at Reynaud's intentions, and may have to withdraw its support when they take final shape and subsequently come before the Assembly.

A new kind of Third Force is clearly necessary, and may be possible. Increasing numbers of rank-and-file Socialists are saying that many good Republicans among the Centre parties would rally to a clear call for a progressive coalition; and it is not only the small minority of the *Bataille Socialiste* who are thinking that a renewed understanding with the Communists would be preferable to the growing pressure of reaction and incipient dictatorship that is bound to accompany Reynaud's term of office. There are many others who feel vaguely that Social Democracy has more to offer than this wretched process of degenerating compromise; that it can yet win back votes and prestige, but that, to do this, it will have to show a new courage and sense of purpose.

A LONDON DIARY

"The British public," said an English fri who lives in Paris to me this week, "se completely unconcerned about France. Or, that matter, about Europe, the world or c Britain." People grumbled, he said, ab "shortages," though apart from the inadequ of the meat ration and the temporary lac cigarettes, he could see little to bother ab In France, the balloon seems likely to go u any moment. The present Marie-Reynaud ministration may be the von Papen stage development. It may of course hold on for a t or give way to further stop-gaps. But Marie se near the bottom of the barrel and another gove ment may include de Gaulle. In that case, ev one in Paris fears civil war. And if there is war, will America and Russia keep clear of One thing about which almost everyone in Fr agrees is that the Berlin issue is dangerous absurd. "It sometimes seems as if the Americ and even the British, are quite ready for Fr to be destroyed. But what bewilders us mos that you in this country seem scarcely intereste

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On the same day I had another conversa with an Englishman who is much concerned w the rearmament of England. He has a dis guished war record. "As you know," he s "I have never been a pacifist, but I must con to-day that the more I know of the scope range of the weapons that are now being p pared, the more I find it impossible to utter of the usual clichés about some things b 'worse than war.' If war does come in the n few years—and American and British off circles seem now to take it more or less for gr ted—the whole of Europe, including Britain regarded as expendable. I can't, of course, you any of the details, but the public is q mistaken in thinking that atomic bombs are only, or even the worst, things now being c cocted. I have been reading some of the Am can magazines—not the malicious, but still c paratively sane, *Time*—but some of its even w contemporaries. They are simply scream for war. They work up a Red scare which absolutely no basis in reality. I read a horr ing account of what would happen in a town Detroit if it were seized by the Reds. The c less reader would assume that an actual plot being described. When you examine the art you see that it is just a scarifying fantasy. have not reached that point yet in England, I cannot help wondering what has happened the Labour Party. Are people unaware of design behind all this American scare stuff? they not understand that the war would mean effective destruction of this overpopul island?"

* * *

Perhaps he was rather hard on the Lab Party, which still contains many strong-min and clearheaded people. Some who tried to orient British policy in accordance with changed post-war economic and strategic posi were denounced by Ernest Bevin as crypto-C munists, and steam-rollered out of orga resistance. A few stalwarts still seek an al native policy. I note a brave attempt by a gr including Mr. Warbey, which published a p phlet called *Stop the Coming War*. Obvio a new effort will have to be made, and I t it will have to begin amongst non-politic There must be a positive programme on w to collect support throughout the country. will involve seeking the basis of an "agreeme disagree" with Russia, a balanced policy of e gration from this country, coupled with the est development of its own agriculture, and strongest support for the campaign of Sir J Boyd Orr, who is always trying to make us the "greater realities."

* * *

There is so little in the news to encourage to believe in the conception of One World th was interested to hear from a friend that rld Union of Documentary held lately at rianske Lazne a successful inaugural Congress, nded by representative documentary film ers from nearly a dozen countries on both s of the Iron Curtain. Britain, whose protion of State-sponsored documentary films is ter, I suppose, than that of any country except Soviet Union, provides the World Union with first President in the person of Basil Wright. Union is to promote international exchange documentary films and film makers, and erally to fight for an economic place in the for documentary—"the conscience of the ema," as the Czech Minister of Information ed it at the opening of the Congress. In choslovakia, where the production of shorts, pet and cartoon films and news reels is in the ds of the Kratky Film Corporation—an anisation with a constitution something like of the B.B.C.—documentary producers ear to be in a happy position since, by law, ocumentary film must accompany a feature in y programme. The Poles are also forging ad with the production of documentary. In capitalist democracies, with the exception Britain, however, documentary is still definily the Cinderella of the films. Where, as America, society is thought of as a jungle in ch victory goes to the smartest and strongest, films must be dictated by box-office considerans. Where, as in the U.S.S.R., the State is er and mother, uncle and aunt and schoolster all rolled into one, films are part of the cation provided for the children, i.e., the lic. Where, as in England, the State is ernalist, but not dictator, most films are comcial and a few whose box-office appeal is good, not good enough to face the full blast of comcial competition, get a certain amount of cial encouragement for educational reasons.

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thought there was much to be said for the rds' proposal that the Court of Criminal peal should be empowered by the Criminal tice Act to order a re-trial in cases where they e to quash a conviction owing to an error in procedure. The Commons turned it down ause they took Sir David Maxwell Fyfe's view t it "violated a fundamental principle of our minal law," namely, that no one should be tried in after he has been convicted or acquitted. rds Simon and du Parcq had said the same ng, unavailingly, in the upper House. Prosor A. L. Goodhart's recent letter in *The nes,* citing the American Constitution (which is inly declaratory of the English Common Law) proof that this was never a "fundamental prinle" in England, should cause some headtching among those lawyers who realise the ge and learning of American researches into l history. Americans say that the "once in pardy" rule does not apply in cases where a gment has been annulled at the request of the used. Some legal friends, however, tell me y think the power of the Court of Criminal peal to increase the sentence of an unsuccessappellant is quite enough to be going on with hey don't want its powers increased. The dency to increase sentence on appeal has been rked in recent years; the present Lord Chief tice seems to have discontinued the practice warning intending appellants of the risk they . It has come to be regarded among prisoners their legal advisers as a special form of ishment for appealing against sentence.

* * *

ast week I reported my doctor's complaints ut the Health Insurance Scheme. I have n making further inquiries, and have decided t it is he who needs a blue pill, or a bolus Wahoo—that Red Indian bark that is said relieve one of bile. His view is decidedly ndiced. First as to those five forms certifya man unfit for duty and eligible for insure money. I learn that in the Good Old Days fore July 5th) there were just as many—or few, because, issued seriatim, they cover the rse of a man's illness and convalescence and, t is more, are now valid for industrial accidents as well. Perhaps he did not recognise their New Look; they have been re-dressed by the Ministry of National Insurance in consultation with the B.M.A. The two minutes spent in filling up the Special Intermediate, for example, may provide for the sick patient and his family for eight weeks. And two minutes is less than it used to take my doctor to endorse my cheque and issue me a receipt! I should add that a Special Committee is examining the system of medical certificates with the object of still further reducing their number.

* * *

On the patient's side of the Health Service, a friend of mine whose three children have had tonsilitis, whooping cough and measles, reckons that he has recovered in attention and drugs in the first month, the equivalent of about a year's contributions. They have had regular visits, costly injections of penicillin, M. & B., linctuses and tonics. The doctor does not have to hesitate, on score of expense, to prescribe what is best. That is good for doctors, patients and chemists, who are doing as well as can be expected. But it could be open to abuse. I have heard of doctors who have gone into business with their local chemist and so "get their cut" of the drugs they prescribe. There is, as far as I can find out, no legal reason why they should not, any more than there is anything to prevent doctors from having a financial interest in nursing homes to which they send their private patients. If a patient scents a racket he can avoid the chemist his doctor recommends; the public service prescription is valid with any chemist.

CRITIC

..... GET YOUR GUN!

(*With acknowledgments to Irving Berlin*)

Sokolovsky: Any time you get tough I can get tougher,
Either get out or I put on the screw,
Any boast you can make shows you a bluffer,
I'm not a bluffer, I'm tougher than you.

Clay: That's all blah.
Sokolovsky: You're in a spot.
Clay: No, *you* are!
Sokolovsky: No, I'm not.

Clay: Any bid you can make, I will bid double,
You can't swing Berlin with your ballyhoo,
If you blockade you are asking for trouble,
I can make double the trouble for you.

Sokolovsky: Anything you can do won't stop my Ostmarks,
For every Mark you pay I will give two,
Any Berliner knows Deutschmarks are lost Marks,
I can stamp currency faster than you.

Clay: Everyone knows I can beat your embargo,
Any blockade you lay I can break through,
I keep air corridors clear for my cargo,
I can keep going much better than you.

Sokolovsky: Stop that York!
Clay: Stop that Yak!
Come and talk!
Sokolovsky: You get back!

Sokolovsky: Any time you get mean I will get meaner,
For Soviet silk stockings the Hausfrau will queue,
The New Look from Moscow will tempt the Berliner.
I can supply them much better than you.

Clay: Anything you can do won't stop the rations,
All my shop windows have plenty on view,
British are smarter than Soviet fashions,
I can dress Frauleins much better than you.

Sokolovsky: Any Note you can send, I'll send one stronger,
I'll send you packing, whatever you do.
Clay: Any time you can stay, I can stay longer,
I'll hold out longer, I'm stronger than you.

Sokolovsky: No you're not!
Clay: Yes I am!
Sokolovsky: No you're not.
Clay: Yes I am.

SAGITTARIUS

THIS ENGLAND

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed.

It is lamentable that the dignity of the rehearsal for the Trooping of the Colour ceremony should have been marred by officers at the saluting base turning to glance at a fallen Other Rank.—Letter in *News Chronicle.* (H. Welland.)

"I do not think decent Englishmen can understand an Englishman carrying a knife or weapon to inflict grievous bodily harm . . . We keep it to fists and do not use these filthy weapons which are wholly un-English and settle nothing."—*Reynolds News.* (H. J. Schleicher.)

Buying ice-cream on Sunday is contrary to the higher ideals of Christian life.—Interview in *Daily Express.* (Margaret E. Mitchell.)

I heard about one sad case of a man with a model railway who gets up at seven o'clock every morning to send off the first workman's train.—*Scottish Daily Express.* (Derek Bedford.)

PARTISAN SPIRIT

THE background of the Cominform criticism of the Yugoslav Communist Party has been a long concealed controversy inside the Yugoslav Government between the rational and the emotional planners. The first group consisted of Andrija Hebrang, Minister of Light Industry, and Sreten Zujovic, Minister of Finance. Both had great reputations inside the party and in the country—Hebrang as a party leader of long standing and a long pre-war prison sentence, Zujovic as a leading partisan general. They occupied key positions in putting the plan into operation, and wanted to give it a real basis. They came up against the heroic conception of the group round Tito, who wanted a plan to outdo all others, achieved by "bare hands" and "working *élan.*" This conception triumphed: the plan was rushed out last year, as a list of production targets for 1951, before industrial capacity had been properly surveyed, and before the annual targets for 1947 and 1948 had been calculated. Hebrang and Zujovic continued to protest, and in May this year they were dismissed from their posts, expelled from the Party, and arrested, Zujovic being degraded from his military rank. This, it was clear at the time, meant a serious conflict within the Government, and a possible split in the Party.

The charges against the two Ministers were published in June. Both were accused of having sabotaged the plan—Zujovic as a bourgeois economist who "made difficulties in the planning of accumulation" (the plan actually involves the investment of an impossibly high proportion of the national income, around 35-40 per cent.); Hebrang on the grounds that he believed in repressive measures against the peasants. The Commission of Investigation lists a series of other sabotage activities by Hebrang—among them that he opposed the construction of the Belgrade-Zagreb highway, and of the Danube-Tisa canal, saying that "we shall dig a canal with shovels alone"; and finally, since all these charges did not amount to much, the Commission brought out the charge that Hebrang was exchanged by the Ustashi in 1942 under "totally suspicious circumstances." The charges, in their childish pettiness and self-contradictions, entirely fail to convince: any discussion of the plan's real basis was clearly regarded as treachery.

Looking at the country's present economic position, it is difficult not to agree with the two Ministers and with some Cominform criticisms. The *élan* is still conspicuous. There is much building of houses, new roads, new railways; and some of it —new Belgrade, for instance, below the flood line—does not make sense at this stage: it means a waste of labour on too much unproductive investment. It is magnificent, but it is not planning. As to the real productive effort, it is impossible to get figures that mean anything, or to see factories and power stations. This intense suspicion surrounding inquiries about the plan is peculiar to Yugoslavia. From Kardelj's budget speech of April 25th, it was quite clear that the plan was not working satisfactorily. Intended to castigate widespread sabotage at lower levels, the speech really revealed the results of chaos at the top. There are, of course, real limiting factors—shortage of experts and skilled labour above all, in part overcome by the employment of fairly large numbers of Germans—but more of the trouble evidently comes from lack of proper preparation of the plan itself.

The crux of the situation is the peasant policy, and here, of course, lies the real force of the Cominform criticism. In the last two years, little has been done to raise the level of agricultural production: neither the Plan, nor the trade treaties pay enough attention to the need for raising farm output. Co-operative organisation is muddled and weak; and, as Kardelj admitted in his budget speech, not enough funds have been provided for it. Food distribution works much better, at the cost of giving the peasants high prices in terms of consumer goods. The "linked price" system gives them coupons to buy textiles, shoes, building materials, at very low prices in return for sales of food at official prices. Bigger peasants, in addition to sales through the linked price system, can sell in the free market. There is no doubt that the peasants in general are doing better than the workers. At first this was necessary, when food was short; but, if this policy continues, it will mean that the peasants get too big a share in the national income, without increasing their output. So long as the balance of purchasing power favours the village, it will be impossible to raise real wages, certainly impossible to achieve anything like the high rate of investment which the plan requires. The immediate problem is not collectivisation—there is not enough machinery—but to make the bigger peasants sell more at lower prices and produce more. Ultimately, perhaps, collectivisation may be the only way of achieving that result. At present most of the benefits of industrial progress go to the peasants; town industrial workers find rations inadequate and are forced to buy in the high-priced free market. The policy means that the Government is trying to eat its cake and have it, while biting off more than it can chew.

Can the Government and the party change the policy, and be tough with the bigger peasants? If the plan is to succeed, it will certainly have to. But the Party Congress showed no sign of understanding this. It began in an exalted and intransigent mood, refuting all the Cominform criticisms, while protesting its devotion to Marxism-Leninism, and its loyalty to the Soviet Union (everywhere Stalin's picture hangs beside Tito's). After the *Pravda* attack on the composition of the Congress, this mood sobered slightly. Kardelj and Kidric aimed their speeches at critics of the Government's economic policy and the supporters of Hebrang and Zujovic, accusing them of Trotskyist Bukharin heresies. (No one discussed wages and prices.) Kidric developed what is evidently the official theory—that the Yugoslav war of liberation created new conditions for the revolution, merging class war in the resistance movement, so enabling Yugoslavia to achieve the revolution on a national basis. Implying, as it does, that Yugoslavia is different, and that the revolution is complete, this theory obviously does confirm the Cominform view that the Yugoslav party is revising Marxist-Leninist teaching.

How much support there is for the Cominform criticism was of course not apparent at the Congress. Certainly there is much support for it among the older generation of Communists, and there is certainly dissension in the Federal Governments, as is shown by the sudden change in the Montenegrin Government enforced from Belgrade since the Congress. Yet in spite of the refusal of the leaders to admit that the Party is in any way in the wrong, the final resolutions none the less did take some of the Cominform criticisms into account. The co-operatives are to be overhauled, strengthened and given more funds; but there is to be no collectivisation. The proposed Customs Union with neighbouring States is to be dropped. More workers are to be encouraged to join the Party.

This last resolution does in fact admit the truth of the main Cominform criticism. The industrial workers are not the driving force: organised labour has been swamped by the mass of new young unskilled workers from the peasantry. About half the members of the Party are peasants; and most of the leaders are of peasant origin. That is why it is hard to draw a line between the Kulaks and the rest. It was the success of the partisan movement in welding together the industrial workers and the peasants in the resistance movement that made easy the first stage of the revolution—the liquidation of the bourgeoisie. But it is precisely this fusion on a national basis that now makes it difficult to move into the second stage, and follow a workers' policy. It is difficult to see how this can be achieved, or how the plan can be fulfilled, without a firmer grasp of economic issues, and difficult to see how this can be gained without some change in the leadership.

The ordinary Party member—meaning the former partisan and present Government official—believes that the whole dispute lies between the Cominform and the Yugoslav Party, and that it can be settled, somehow, without such a change. He is muddled, but convinced that the dispute has no international significance, partly because the letters from the Communist Party of the Soviet Union to the Yugoslav Party have not been published (or at least not officially). There is no hard evidence of any change in foreign policy, though there are many straws which suggest that there might have been a move westwards. The very favourable settlement of American financial claims, which resulted in the release of the Yugoslav gold, can be explained by the urgent need of purchasing industrial equipment for the plan, since the limit of what bare hands can do must soon be reached. But there is no likelihood of any really decisive move; and if any such were ever contemplated, it is certainly abandoned now. At the Danube Conference, the Yugoslav delegation is heavily underlining its complete accord with the Soviet stand point. The real problem, the change in internal economic policy, remains; and to deal with it, and to meet the Cominform criticisms, will certainly require great changes, which will probably come as the policy itself proves unable to realise the plan.

Belgrade, August. DOREEN WARRINER

SIEGE

"WHAT about the blackout?" called out J., who returned from a late press briefing to find us sitting on the balcony by candlelight. For a second we all moved instinctively to put out the flame. What with the roar of four-engined planes continuously overhead in the indigo evening sky, and no lights showing in any of the windows of this British compound, the illusion that we were back in the early 'forties was not difficult to create.

So here we are, B.A.O.R. wives of nearly two years' standing, settling down to another, curiously topsy-turvy "duration." If this is a siege, where is the battle-line? If this be a battle, who is our enemy? Could it be our old acquaintances Polkovnik (Col.) K. and Podpolkovnik (Lt. Col.) M., who only last week at the theatrical first night in the American sector bowed to us with their familiar polite smiles? Not so long ago, at one of those receptions to which it was not *de rigueur* to ask our ex-enemies the Germans, our Allies, the Red Army officers, had turned up, and were being received, as guests of honour. Now, together with the Berliners, we seem to be sitting on the opposite side of the fence.

Emotionally, this is not an easy *volte-face*. More puzzling still are the conflicting bits of information which we wives are picking up at the hairdresser's, from the man who delivers our Naafi rations, or from our kitchen help. We hear of the real pride of the Berliners in the "air bridge,"
as though the Western Air Forces were their
much as the Luftwaffe had been. ("You g
your lives for us," says a memorial plaque erec
where the two American pilots crashed a cou
of weeks ago.) We hear of hordes of small Na
released from Russian concentration camps
swell the ranks of the SED. We hear of B
liners complaining that the last big surface she
—so useful against future air attacks—has
been blown up by the British. We hear of G
man police thugs in the Russian sector beat
up women who were queueing for their la
currency change. We hear that Berliners
convinced that war is inevitable, and that they f
it less than a prolonged occupation by
Russians—though whether they hate
Russians for the reasons Goebbels supplied
them, or for the reasons for which they the
selves used to be hated before, we cannot q
make out. Our compass has lost its bearings,
needle fluctuates wildly. We are sitting on
ideological North Pole, and the magnetism h
stopped work.

But then, after all, we are only wives. It
for our husbands and those clever girls of
Control Commission to disentangle Berlin int
cacies. We are concerned, as we were two ye
ago, with the running of our households. O
latest hardships are at any rate more plausible,
no less artificial, than when we first moved
We had no bulbs then; now we have no elect
city. As General Herbert, the Military Comma
der, put it so aptly in his message to us the ot
day, "it would be sheer waste of energy to ho
to obtain quadripartite approval to double su
mertime"; so our lights go off at eleven p
and there are no candles at the Families' Sho
With our own petrol short and German tra
hardly existent, our freedom of movement
somewhat restricted, though sportswomen amo
us find it a consolation that the number of hor
used for riding has only been reduced by h
Hot-water cuts have hit us less hard than
complete lack of fresh fruit, the scarcity of ve
tables, and the drastic cut in groceries. Wea
we troop to the Club every other evening to s
our Foreign Service Allowance into a dried
omelette and a glass of beer, having long
resigned ourselves to being tricked out of
earnings by the peculiar necessities of colonial
No, we do not grumble at all these burdens. W
we grumble about is the absence of uplift.

Strange, how you miss it when it isn't ther
Never to be slapped on the shoulder
humoured, admonished, cheered. Never to
told that "you can take it," that you should "
to it" or at least "stand firm." Somehow we f
that we and our children are "doing our bi
as patient pawns in this game, but has anyo
yet told us so? Not on your life. All we
are leaflets stuck on to the cut of frozen be
telling us rather harshly that "individuals will
to reduce," or "henceforth abstain," or "ma
sure to avoid." Even the Wives' Commit
which formerly voiced our complaints and quer
—while at the same time providing some lig
relief such as the much debated, never-realis
Nigel Balchinesque "goats' scheme"—appears
have folded up. Nobody applauds me for havi
cultivated my garden this spring; and if my po
toes taste better than the dehydrated stuff
livered at my door, if my own peas are swee
than Naafi's "Marrowfat," their processed subs
tute, they yet lack the flavour of official blessi
the dutiful citizen's reward.

However, we are carrying on. Without bli
ing an eyelid, we see coal stoves installed in
kitchens in case gas should be cut altoget
later on. With staunch confidence we watch
cold season approach. Something will happ
Someone must have a clue, even if it isn't
husbands. In the Families' Shop jokes ab
wintering in Siberia are getting stale. Me
while, there is the heat-wave and no beer
Bank Holiday. Let no one tremble in the
Country—British wives here are holding
Against whom? Never you mind. We don't h
to know everything. B.A.O.R. WIF

Berlin, August.

SILENT SOUND

s naething sacred?" protested the Scots mer, when I told him that whisky could be ured in weeks instead of years by scientists nessing the bat's squeak. We were watching t careering through the thickening dusk in the thills of the Grampians. It was heading ight for a collision with the high-tension wires, ich brought electricity to the byres, when, hin a foot of them, it swerved and avoided m. It was a smart piece of navigation and, course, raised the question whether a bat is fact "as blind as a bat."

That bat had not seen these wires; it had heard m, just as it would have heard any obstacle, ether it was as thin as gossamer thread or as nsparent as a pane of glass. It used its own n of radar, except that it transmitted sound- ves not radio-waves—the "ultrasonics" which us scientifically, not socially, on to the subject whisky.

"Ultrasonics" must not be confused with upersonics" although scientists themselves n tend to use the terms indiscriminately. t as "ultra-violet" means wavelengths of t beyond the range of the human eye, so ltrasonic" means wavelengths of sound beyond range of the human ear, like the bat's queak" or the "silent" dog-whistle, which, udible to us, can bring an animal to heel ause its ear is more sensitive than ours. upersonic," on the other hand, means beyond speed of sound (which is about 760 miles hour) and is applied to aircraft and rockets ich are designed to travel faster than that.

Sound is produced by causing the air to vibrate, hearing is the response of our ears to the ying pressures of these vibrations. Most ple can hear sounds up to a frequency of about 000 vibrations a second (though the reception eriorates with age); some, including most ng people, can hear up to about 20,000 vibra- ns a second. In the quiet of the country, or the stillness of the hearth, our ears become re of the love-calls of the crickets, the grass- ppers and other insects which conduct their rting at about 20,000 vibrations a second. But bat sends out its signals on a frequency of 000 vibrations. These are quite inaudible, ept for a repeated click, or a buzz, the buzz ng a repeated series of clicks. The clicks, in t, correspond to the switching on and off of sts of inaudible signals, repeated at intervals 60 to a second.

The inaudible signals echo back off obstacles are picked up at those 60th-of-a-second rvals by the large, sensitive, direction-finding s of the bat. Thus, if the bat is effectively ndfolded, it will still dodge a strand of silk in path.

The principle of the bat's squeak is now open- up a whole new field of practical applications. ence can excel the bat; it can produce sound- rations at the rate of 10,000,000 vibrations a ond and it can harness these vibrations to all nner of uses from laundering clothes to rilising milk.

Seven years ago, in this journal, it was sug- ted that ultrasonics might be used to purify air of the big air-raid shelters and prevent the demics about which we were so anxious (and ich, miraculously, did not occur) in the blitz nditions. The idea then was to use "silent nd" to coagulate the germ-laden dust in the nosphere and cause it to settle so that it could treated. This suggestion was seriously con- ered by the Horder Committee on Shelters and carded, for sensible reasons, in the subsequent hite Paper. For one thing, although this urally was not disclosed at the time, it would e meant diverting ultrasonic devices which re indispensable for the locating of submarines the Battle of the Atlantic.

Indeed, ASDIC, the submarine detector, was of the first and most spectacular uses to ich ultrasonics was put. And that story goes k a long way—to 1881 and to the Curies. The others Curie, Jacques and Pierre (later to be more famous, in association with his wife Marie, for the discovery of radium and the initiation of those researches which led eventually to the atomic bomb) demonstrated the piezo-electric effect. This concerns the curious behaviour of quartz-crystal, which, when electric impulses are applied to it, vibrates mechanically like a concertina and converts electric-waves into sound-waves, and *vice versa*. One of their assistants was Pierre Langevin, who, forty-six years later, thought of using this effect to produce ultrasonic pulses which, beamed through water, would echo back from submarines and disclose their location. In conjunction with Lord Rutherford and Sir William Bragg, he carried out experiments in this country and the technique was developed in 1918, too late to be of service against the U-boats in the First World War but, as ASDIC, of great importance in the Second World War.

Scientists hope that as a result of present researches it may be possible to help the blind to "see" obstacles as the bats do. It is tricky because the human, unlike the bat, has to look for the step that is not there.

To-day, one of the industrial uses of ultrasonics is in engineering. The device can be used to detect flaws—even a tiny bubble—in a metal. A transmitter applied to an ingot sends vibrations through the metal and a receiver picks up the echoes and records them on a cathode-ray screen —like a television tube—the flaw appearing as a "blip" which would not be there if the metal was perfect.

It is also used to form froths and emulsions. Women's face-creams, for instance, which are mainly air, are compounded by vibrating fats and waxes and dispersing fine bubbles through them. Ultrasonics could, in the same way, produce a dough which in the delicacy of its texture would be the despair of the finest hand-baker. They can prevent smoke from emerging from a chimney-stack by condensing the fine carbon-particles and helping to extract them.

In fluids and metals, ultrasonics produce the effect of the song "Running around in circles, getting nowhere at all." They whip the molecules into a frenzy and generate heat from the commotion. And ultrasonic waves can be focused, like the sun's rays, by a burning-glass, but the sound-beam can be so fierce that it will burn a hole through the glass. If a beam of ultrasonics is focused on a bead of mercury it will disperse the particles and mix them with water into a cloudy, milky fluid.

Launderers are trying the "bat's squeak" as a soapless method of cleaning. The vibrations dislodge the dirt and grease particles with ease; the problem is to find the range of frequencies which will do this without destroying fabrics in the process.

Dairymen are interested in ultrasonics as an alternative to heat-pasteurisation. A generator has been developed which, driven from the wheels of a lorry, would destroy all the germs in a tankful of milk *en route* from the farm to the depot. That this is practicable, I have no doubt. The method is already used at the Pasteur Institute in Paris, where I have seen the bacteriologists destroy germs by passing sound-waves through a culture. One of the difficulties they raised was in connection with the tubercle bacilli. The sound-vibrations can certainly kill them and break them up, but it is thought that the lipoid-casing, the armour-plating of the tuberculosis germ, is itself toxic and can give rise to lesions. So, having destroyed the germ, can ultrasonics also produce the chemical changes which will neutralise any other effects? And, if so, will the chemical changes affect flavour? There is no doubt that certain vibrations can kill germs and certain vibrations can alter chemical processes; the practical problem is to find the range which will do both and give germ-free, sweet milk. Those who are working on it are quite satisfied that it is possible. They are also trying to develop vibrators which would be fixed on the milk-churns on the farm so that the sterilisation could be done in the cowshed and the milk prevented from going sour.

Another use for ultrasonics is in the making of artificial gems. Their production for industrial uses is now a large trade. Aluminium oxide is fused in fierce furnaces and large sapphires and rubies (the colouring is the only difference) are built up. The resulting gems are quite indistinguishable from the natural ones except for microscopic bubbles which only a gem-expert with powerful instruments could detect. Ultrasonic vibrators fitted into the furnaces can now eliminate even these flaws and the scientists defy the jewellers to tell the difference between the artificial and the real.

All kinds of applications can and will be found for the techniques of ultrasonics, but my Scots farmer will never forgive the scientists for the sacrilege of exchanging "Vat 60" for "Bat 60,000."

RITCHIE CALDER

CLEAN RIVERS

ABUNDANT and usually well-distributed rainfall is among our major assets. At one time this water flowed in a hundred rivers, rich in fish and all manner of life, through forests of oak or of birch and pine, to the surrounding seas. Our ancestors cleared the forests as agriculture developed, and they founded small towns. The inhabitants of these drew water from the rivers into which they cast their refuse without significant effect on the quality or population of their waters.

The later growth of industry and of population, both made possible by the ample supplies of water, changed all that. To-day much of this water is deflected, often repeatedly, on its course from mountain to sea—to pass through the bodies of man or of his domestic animals, to serve domestic needs or the requirements of industrial plants ranging from chemical works to sugar-beet factories, from long-established paper mills to recently erected penicillin factories. From man and animals this water is discharged laden with the waste of metabolic activity, and from factories with all manner of contamination with both organic and inorganic compounds.

Passed direct into rivers or estuaries, sewage and industrial effluents may cause widespread pollution. Organic matter forms a medium for the growth of bacteria and fungus. Effluents containing cyanide, phenol, cresol or chlorine are poisonous to fish or to other animals and to plants. Many of our rivers and estuaries have been converted from scenes of beauty rich in contained life into what are no better than evil-smelling sewers. Long stretches of rivers are now devoid of fish, while even where the upper reaches are pure, the salmon they once harboured have gone. The smolts which formerly descended to the sea for feeding before returning as adults to spawn can no longer pass the barrier of polluted estuarine water that surges to and fro with the movements of the tide. Both Tees and Trent have lost their salmon, and only a few smolts manage, surprisingly, to pass the polluted waters in the mouth of the Tyne.

Salmon are wonderful fish, a delight to observe in their grace of movement and amazing leaps through broken water, a joy to the fisherman and a magnificent food. But their destruction, although most regrettable, could hardly in itself be regarded as a national disaster were it not a symptom of mass pollution which is a calamity of the first magnitude demanding urgent action.

Apart from an isolated Scottish Act of 1606, which does deal with pollution, all legislation relating to rivers and water supply prior to 1875 is concerned primarily with the regulation of salmon and other fisheries. The Public Health Act of 1875 and the Rivers Pollution Prevention Act of the following year, together with somewhat earlier legislation in Scotland, were the consequence of growing public concern about the state of our rivers following the spread of industry and the concentration of population in large towns. Admirable in intent, these Acts made demands for the cleansing of sewage and industrial effluents that were impossible of fulfilment in the then state of sanitary science. Local authorities which had been left to their own devices in the matter of sewage disposal since the Middle Ages had already in certain areas anticipated government action, and established sewage farms, still doubtless an odorous memory to many. On these sewage was spread over wide areas to be purified by bacterial action and to fertilise the soil.

The mass of later legislation up to 1945, both in England and Wales and in Scotland, dealing with freshwater fisheries, pollution, land drainage and water supplies, is admirably summarised in the recently published *Our Rivers* by the late J. W. Kempster (Oxford University Press, 25s.). So far as the prevention of pollution is concerned, the fault has not resided in legislation but in administration or, more correctly, as the author points out, in execution. With a few notable exceptions, the rivers boards and innumerable other local bodies that have the power to enforce the provisions of the Acts have lacked the necessary initiative or sufficient money to promote legal action.

The Rivers Boards Bill now before Parliament has been designed to remedy this chaos of many hundreds of largely futile local authorities by establishing in their place some thirty suitably financed and powerful rivers boards. This follows the recommendations made by the Central Advisory Water Committee appointed by the Minister of Health in 1937, and which issued its third report in 1943. The new boards will be concerned with all aspects of water supply, land drainage, freshwater fisheries and, above all, with the pressing problem of pollution.

Fortunately, there is much that such adequately established boards can do. Modern standards of purity for the effluents of sewage works and industrial plants are based on those laid down by the Royal Commission on Sewage Disposal which did major work for the nation in the years between 1898 and 1915. The sewage farm has been replaced by percolating filters or by activated sludge plants. In both, the natural agencies of bacteria and fungi are employed but speeded up so that effective cleansing takes place in the course of passage through six feet thickness of a filter or in aeration tanks. Filter beds are a natural development from the old sewage farms, and represent a nice balance between the population of bacteria and fungi which utilise and so cleanse the sewage and a variety of insects, worms and other animals which browse upon them and prevent the filter from becoming blocked. The activated sludge process which originated in this country has the advantage of producing sufficient methane to provide all necessary power for pumps and other engines, while with the dried sludge important fertilisers can be restored to the land.

Certain industrial effluents, such as gas liquors, if not introduced in too great concentration, can be dealt with by sewage works, but many demand special treatment. Of recent years this matter has been the especial concern of the Water Pollution Research Laboratory of the Department of Scientific and Industrial Research. Satisfactory methods have been worked out for dealing with such polluting effluents as the waste waters from the retting of flax, from the manufacture of beet sugar and from dairies where the high proportion of organic matter causes blockage of percolating filters owing to the growth of fungus and its corresponding spread in any river into which the waste is discharged untreated. Inorganic substances, often directly poisonous to life, can often be dealt with by special chemical treatment.

There is no question as to the gravity of the problem presented by pollution; fortunately public opinion is now becoming aware of this. We have much of the knowledge needed to devise adequate remedies; in the provisions of the Rivers Boards Bill we shall have at long last the necessary executive authorities to ensure that these remedies are applied.

C. M. YONGE

The Arts and Entertainment

AUGUST EXHIBITIONS

"AUGUST for the people and their favourite islands . . ." Just now islands are more popular than art galleries. But the Crypt Exhibition in the New Gallery, St. Ives, Cornwall, is only a stone's throw from what St. Ives calls "the Island," and is well worth a visit. The exhibitors include a number of the artists I mentioned in an article last January—Peter Lanyon, Bryan Wynter, Adrian Ryan, Sven Berlin. In London, on Bank Holiday Monday, frustrated island-lovers might have found that the Tate had arranged a moonlight trip to *The Needles* . . . Turner's "first exhibited oil painting": two fishing boats, one in a phosphorescent wave trough; The Needles themselves, like shadowy black icebergs, in the left background; the brightest of full moons above, in a light-filled, diamond-shaped rift in the dark night clouds. It is an astonishing painting: English in its intensely romantic feeling, but European in its pictorial science. An instance of this is the way the intricate reflections of light on the crests of near waves are managed: at first glance they seem merely a caligraphic display, a writhing of light strokes insufficiently evocative of the volume of the water Turner wished to define. But a moment later we realise that they do define the form of the waves; further, that they are an integral part of the whole pictorial scheme. They are, in fact, the most open statement of the zigzag rhythm which is the formal basis of the picture. The moonlit part of the sea in this picture is an inverted triangle of pale light; this, in conjunction with the light part of the sky, becomes one big diamond-shaped area of visibility, filling most of the canvas, but leaving much toward the corners beautifully dark. This sort of composition, where attention focuses on an area in the middle of the canvas, was also natural to our most eminent modern romantic, Mr. Graham Sutherland, in all but his most recent works. There are a number of parallels between these two painters. For instance, Sutherland and Turner have the same impulse to resolve the receding ground of sweeping, open country into long shapes like slices of melon or a scimitar; both painters love a crescent: both "falsify" the lighting of a landscape for subjective reasons; the mood or poetry of their landscapes is, in different ways, as powerful in its action upon us as their designs. Each painter also has a vocabulary of distorted forms which, evolved from natural forms in landscape, are neither realistic nor abstract.

I think they have a limitation in common as well. It strikes me that neither is notable for the power of plastic design: they cannot convince us of the plastic character of an object with any economy; their forms are built up with elaborate textures, not swift gestures. Their quick statements mark the surface interestingly but do not also convey a conviction of space: to gain solidity and depth each must labour. This remark will seem nonsensical to those who think of Turner as supremely an explorer of aerial light and space. But is there not something perversely ideal, intentionally intangible, theoretically sublime about those essays in atmospherics? That early painting of fishing boats off The Needles shows a deeper love of the actual and is therefore more painterly. And so do many of his "sketches," of which there are some excellent examples in Room VIII, the smallest of the three Turner Rooms re-opened to the public last week for the first time since the bombs. Indeed what I have been saying cannot apply at all to such excellent sketches as *The Thames near Windsor*, *Windsor Castle from the River*, or *Newark Abbey*. In these rapidity of execution ensured a sweetness and truth of colour: there was no time to force a vermilion or an emerald green to perform mystical functions: mere description was sufficiently engrossing. Nor had Turner's ambition time to operate: the composition remained simple and coherent. But in huge pictures like *The Farewell of Hero and Leander*, also now on view, space is pulled into three or four incompatible vistas. *The Letter*, in Room VII, and *Woman Reclining on a Couch*, in Room VIII, re-

mind us that Turner could make very little of
human figure once it got too close to be dismis
as a vague insect in the landscape. Turner saw f
more easily in a cloud of spray than in a bosom
a face and neck; these left him struggling with id
and conventions that were alien to him.

Returning to the present, we find Mr. Willi
Gear, at the Gimpel Gallery, taking Picasso's 1931-
"stained glass period" as his point of departure. T
flat, clear, strong colours of the blank triang
patches, drawn in in straight black lines of even thi
ness, with which Mr. Gear composes are pain
swiftly and with assurance: at the surface, these c
vases are badly designed. But with Picasso the i
grid of black lines was really an extremely economi
and compressed drawing of a three-dimensio
subject; and the miracle of Picasso's flat reds a
yellows was that they created form in space; app
ently identical flatnesses produced varied forms
varied depths in space. Mr. Gear gives the impr
sion that the design of his canvas is arrived at i
dependently of the subject of the picture, which h
to be fitted in afterwards as well as possible. H
flat configurations are not permeated by the thre
dimensional character of the subject: he seems as y
unable to design in space.

PATRICK HERON

THE FUTURE OF COVENT GARDEN

II

WHENEVER musical people start discussing t
present unsatisfactory state of affairs at Cove
Garden and proposing their various solutions, soo
or later the old problem of opera-in-English vers
opera-in-the-original is certain to crop up. Partic
pants in this eternal debate would get less heated
they could bring themselves to admit that there is
such thing here as absolute right or wrong, but o
a balance-sheet of advantages and disadvantag
varying with the individual listener and the individu
opera concerned. The present Covent Gard
compromise, whereby half a dozen foreign singers a
imported to strengthen the casts, but obliged to
learn their parts in English, contrives to make t
worst of both systems: our visitors seldom succe
in making their words fully intelligible (intelli
bility, after all, is the sole excuse for the whole pr
ceeding), and they arouse in us a strong suspici
that they are capable of far better things in their o
language.

What then are we to do? There are only t
possible solutions: one is to dispense altogether wi
the help of foreign singers, the other to use t
original language for at least a part of the reperto
The "all-English" solution is vigorously suppor
(for obvious reasons) by the Incorporated Society
Musicians and other interested parties, but it mea
low standards and a restricted repertory for an i
definite period, and even those who are least worr
about the artistic consequences quail at the box-off
repercussions. Last season a tentative step was tak
in the opposite direction, when a German *Tristan* u
Isolde was introduced into the repertory alongsi
an English *Valkyrie;* and I have yet to meet t
patron who felt seriously vexed because Mme. Fla
stad was allowed to sing "Mild und leise wie
lächelt" instead of "Softly o'er him smiles are ste
ing." Indeed, I have often wondered whether,
some sort of Gallup poll could be taken among
typical Covent Garden audience, the percentage
favour of opera-in-the-original might not pro
surprisingly high.

To avoid misunderstanding, let me say at once th
at Sadler's Wells the use of English is clearly rig
being suitable to the size of the house, to its *Volksop*
nature, and to its repertory consisting largely of co
edies with spoken dialogue or recitative. Cove
Garden, however, is not only a much bigger hou
but an august and beautiful theatre demanding
amplitude, a brilliance and a sense of style which
the moment are frankly beyond the reach of o
singers; furthermore, it is the principal opera-hou
still enjoying a great reputation, of the capital of t
British Empire, which is also one of the leadi
capitals of the Western Union. I suggest that it
undignified to take a narrowly provincial view of t
function of Covent Garden; and that, on the contra
it ought once more to become the touchstone of exc
lence in the operatic art of Western Europe. F

ny years, whatever happens, some 80 per cent. our repertory will continue to consist of French, man and Italian operas, with say 10 per cent. lish, and the remainder Russian, Czech, and so The last group, though Slav languages are among worst sufferers in translation, must evidently be n in English; but for the bulk of the French- man-Italian repertory I think we should do well, Covent Garden, to switch over to the original, rusting as many parts as possible to English artists ambitious opera-singers have to learn these three guages) and for the remaining roles bringing in, only established foreign stars, but fine young sts not yet internationally famous. The advantage English artists of rehearsing and singing side by with picked foreign artists has been constantly nonstrated at Glyndebourne, and more recently he Cambridge Theatre; as time goes on, the pro- tion of English singers in the casts ought to show teady increase. But if we dig our toes in at this nt and insist on an all-English policy regardless quality or consequences, we need not delude our- es by thinking that standards will somehow dually rise; on the contrary, without the stimulus first-class models, they are far more likely to sink.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

RADIO NOTES

HE critic, seeking to trace a pattern running ough the Bank Holiday week's programmes, des- ately striving to wrest from the flux material for eneralisation, seeks in vain, or at best has a night- re vision of those hooded terrors of Broadcasting use, the programme planners, decreeing in con- ve: "The people are on holiday, let them laugh, them indulge in nostalgia (the *Scrapbook* series), let them not be heedless of higher things, above let them not forget that there was a first world war *e White Chateau*), a second world war (*Reunion* *The Sinking of the "Bismarck"*) and that there y be a third world war (*Hiroshima*)."

Hiroshima was a terrifying experience when first adcast two years ago; it remains terrifying. *The ite Chateau* must await examination until one has n able to compare it with the other plays in the ird Programme's presentation of the drama of the t world war. Let us then turn to the remoter t, to *Scrapbook for 1901*. Mr. Leslie Baily is a ipt-writer to whom it is easy to be unjust, for he specialised in one kind of programme, he gives what you expect and never takes you by surprise. e pleasure derived from his *Scrapbooks* is that that gets from turning over those volumes of the *strated London News* which belong to the no- n's-land between the present and the past as it becomes history. *Scrapbook for 1901*, perhaps because it represents a natural watershed of recent times, was a particularly agreeable example of his ingenuity: a queen who was almost a mythical figure died—and I do not think that the perennially astonishing Miss Gladys Young has ever done better than her portrayal of Victoria in this programme; there was a war on, but a minor affair by present standards; Marconi transmitted the first radio signal across the Atlantic; Blériot flew round the Eiffel Tower; the music hall, as the recorded voice of Charles Coburn demonstrated, was still music hall. It was a wholly successful programme, though I do not think that the Tennyson of *In Memoriam* was the ideal spokesman of Edwardian self-confidence.

Of *Reunion*, presented in *Saturday-Night Theatre*, perhaps the less said the better. A group of British soldiers, hiding in a cave in Crete, agree to meet after the war in a pub in Hampstead. An old formula, which may still be effective; but not as handled by Mr. John Coningham. His characterisation and dialogue alike had the naivety that typifies the stories one finds in weekly papers for women; indeed, if a lady announcer had butted in from time to time to read a recipe or advise on weaning one would have felt little surprise. *The Sinking of the "Bismarck"* existed on an entirely different level; a sober, indeed austere documentary based on official reports. That was its strength—and also its weakness, for the language of official reports tends to be grey and denatured, and it was not until the last few minutes of the programme that human interest was allowed to seep into the programme—the words of a member of the crew of the defeated "Bismarck." I would single out for special praise the narrator, Mr. John Chandos, who earlier in the day had given us an admirable reading of Merimée's *Carmen*, a most unexpected and rewarding choice for the Sunday-morning serial novel.

May I correct a mis-attribution which appeared in my comment on the recent production of *Antony and Cleopatra*? The admirable Octavius Caesar in that production was played by Mr. Malcolm Hayes.

WILLIAM SALTER

THE MOVIES

"Le Silence est d'Or," at the Rialto

With *Le Silence est d'Or* René Clair returns to two early loves: Paris and the silent film. What a pleasure it is—after how many years of exile—to eye the girls on the boulevard, to travel on top of a horse bus, to squeeze and be squeezed in the *promenoir* of a music-hall, to wave away the fiddler outside a *café*, only to be told he has been paid by a drunk gentleman to go on repeating the same tune for the rest of the evening! Here again are the cobbles, if not the roofs, of Paris; yes, a familiar ring of people clusters round a street singer. This is a sentimental, a middle-aged occasion, and M. Clair, perhaps wisely, has played safe while (one hopes) getting his hand in.

Any wild expectation we may have had that, with Hollywood left behind, he would be able to take up where he left off disappears, though pleasantly, within a few moments. The gaiety seems somewhat inelastic. It walks where it used to dance; it gives little sighs; it is reminiscent. Gone are the fandangos, the conviction of music in the air. Old gentlemen still open their eyes in surprise that lovers should be kissing, landladies frown on lodgers, a back-curtain of Baghdad collapses to reveal the stagehands playing cards, fat men wink at mousy girls, ladders fall, apartment stairs have to be climbed; it's all or nearly all there, but the delight has waned. Possibly that is only to say that the inspired farce of *Le Chapeau de Paille d'Italie*, the romantic exuberance of *Sous les Toits de Paris* or *Le Million*, belong to youth and cannot be recaptured. The camera in *Le Silence est d'Or* has almost ceased to be an instrument of style: Clair in his day commanded an unrivalled mixture of style and dash. He goes on doing his job, needless to say, admirably.

And *Le Silence est d'Or* is a better job than anything in the way of light comedy we have seen for months except *Four Steps in the Clouds*. The fun of film-making in the 1900s, with a studio the size of a drill hall and goose-feathers showering from the rafters, with melodramas always going on to sophisticated asides, provides a deliciously animated background. "More snow!" exclaims the director, mopping his brow, "by Jove it's warm to-day"; and in the next shot, while everyone shivers, tropical passions have to be engendered. The middle-aged director, by the way, is Maurice Chevalier; he takes a fatherly but brisk interest in girls, and avoids his reflection in the mirror. He doesn't sing or tilt a straw; just acts, with some assurance and charm. It is hardly his fault that a passing fancy for the daughter of an old flame has to be wheedled along so that the plot shall last to the end. I didn't find the love passages so insufferably tedious as did some of my fellow critics, but they are thin. The film is kept going by the charm of its background, by a comic invention that can still produce an unwanted man with a goat or a Sultan dispensing decorations to master and man alike. It remains to be seen whether Clair, whose falling-off prompted rather than followed his original migration, can now achieve anything more than efficient pot-boilers.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

N almost every community, large or mall, there is a shop to which every- e goes—the local chemist's. People ne here for advice, for they know t the counsel they will receive and goods they will buy will be of real ue. Inside the shop hangs a certifi- e showing that the owner is a ember of the Pharmaceutical Society, certificate gained only after long ap- enticeship and strict examination. proves that the chemist is a man attainments, worthy of trust.

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BALLET

"Marquis de Cuevas' Grand Ballet de Monte Carlo," at Covent Garden

The de Cuevas Ballet, despite its name and multiple nationality, is 100 per cent. American in style. To call this style superficial is not necessarily derogatory, for there is an art of the profound treatment of surfaces, namely geometry, an art much involved in choreography. Rosella Hightower's technique, if not fabulous, is certainly profound, and her approach to dancing is far from superficial. It is impossible to view without awe her exquisite balance, and the perfect control of muscular force in every limb, which may be compared to the perfect gradation of tone of a very fine musical executant. But these qualities, which thrill one also in the thoroughbred or athlete, may presumably exist in the highest degree in a dancer without her having the moving power of great art.

Dynamically and emotionally Carmen Amaya and Luisillo, Vanoye Aiken and Tommy Gomez are on a different plane. When Rosella Hightower's devotion to her art impels her to go deeper, she too will be among the world's greatest dancers. Marjorie Tallchief and Ethery Pagava have, I think, more lyrical gift, especially the latter, and George Skibine is a wonderfully expressive dancer. The company is particularly strong in male dancers. Eglevsky, the most famous, is only interesting when in action; when passive he has a depressingly "out of-work" expression. In *Black Swan* his clean line and fine elevation were a delight to watch, and he was a perfect partner to Hightower in this her greatest triumph. The delicacy and ease with which she performed a double turn of incredible difficulty drew an audible gasp of delight from the audience.

The worst ballet we have seen so far is William Dollar's *Five Gifts;* the best, as one might expect, Balanchine's *Concerto Barocco,* to Bach's D Minor Concerto for two violins. It seemed to be imperfectly rehearsed, so that the beauty and subtlety of the choreography in its relation to the music, which depends on a very perfect rendering by corps-de-ballet and soloists alike, was not fully realised. One longs to see it again. Lifar's *Noir et Blanc,* to music by Lalo, was charming to look at and full of ingenuities, some too often repeated; it had indeed more the air of a stars' dancing lesson than a ballet, and the choreographer seemed too prone to assemble his dancers in charming poses, only to dismiss them immediately from the stage. *Sebastian,* to music by Menotti, was chiefly remarkable for Skibine's superb performance of the name-part.

BERYL DE ZOETE

Correspondence

REPORT ON GREECE

SIR,—I think I can throw light on your correspondent Mr. Kenneth Spencer's remark about the Left-wing tendencies of the Greek Caucasian refugees in Macedonia, as I was myself responsible for settling them there before the war.

The first batch, numbering some 10,000, arrived in Greece from the province of Kars in 1913 after the end of the Balkan Wars. In the Caucasus, where they had been tenants on large estates, they had learnt that the Greek Government was distributing Turkish lands free to all immigrants. We settled them in the Vardar Valley, most of them in the three districts of Kilkis, Yenidje and Verria. They were an extremely unruly lot and gave us more trouble than all the other refugees put together. Several thousand more arrived in 1920 and were settled in the same region. These refugees from the Caucasus have always been very much to the Left and used to vote for Left-wing candidates before the war. It is not surprising to find them to-day in the Communist camp.

These Caucasians have been responsible for some of the worst excesses committed after the liberation, amongst others for the atrocious murder of an 80-year-old landowner at Yanesh (Kilkis), Mme. Etty Hadzilazaro, who had befriended them during the German occupation. Most of them have fled over the border and joined Markos' guerillas.

I am not surprised at the "frigid and hostile" reception of the Army in the Slav-speaking village of Boufi (Florina) to which your correspondent refers. Your correspondent is probably not aware that when this part of Macedonia was still under Turkish rule, the Slavophone population was divided into Patriarchists (that is, those who recognised the spiritual authority of the Greek Patriarch of Constantinople and were Greek in sentiment) and Exarchists (i.e., those who recognised the Bulgarian Exarch and were pro-Bulgarian). In Boufi, which was mainly Exarchist, there was always a strong pro-Bulgarian faction and this sentiment has doubtless survived to the present day.

I do not wish to defend the schoolmaster of Panagitsa who preferred the security of Edessa to joining his post. Evidently he is no hero. But it should be remembered that in this band-infested part of Macedonia, priests and schoolmasters of known Nationalist sympathies have been among the principal victims of marauding Communist bands.

Far be it from me to deny the many shortcomings of the Greek administration, or the great con between Athens and the stricken countryside, but Spencer has found himself in Greece in extre abnormal times and his judgments are somew superficial. No Government faced with a widesp seditious movement and the threat of foreign inva can be expected to set its house in order overni after seven years of war, occupation and inte trouble. The Senior Intelligence Officer of the Gr General Staff at Salonika, whom your correspon quotes, may have somewhat over-emphasised international aspect of the situation; but your co spondent is equally guilty of exaggeration when tries to explain the war as being really an inte problem arising out of the deep social inequaliti present-day Greece. To suggest that civil war wholesale economic and social disruption were avoidable as a means of putting an end to so inequalities after a long war is to adopt the menta of the peasant who set fire to his cottage in order roast a pig.

A. A. PALLI

Greek Government, Department of Informati
34 Hyde Park Square, London, W.2.

SIR,—I have more hope of the United Natio Balkan Commission after reading Mr. Kenn Spencer's article, "Report on Greece," than I h felt hitherto. His plea for a truce "to assist in establishment of a new and really democratic Gover ment" aligns him with another member of the Co mission, Col. W. R. Hodgson, Australia's represen tive, who is reported to have made a strong reser tion on that part of a sub-committee's report deal with their "on-the-spot" activities on the ground it had "devoted too much attention to investigat incidents, which were not included in the terms reference, and too little to its task of mediation, wh it was specifically instructed to undertake."

As the publisher of *Greek Outlook,* I welcome reinforcement to our purpose of securing a truce mediation in Greece, which is, indeed, the rais *d'être* of our publication. We have taken the vi throughout that nothing will be gained by fighti and that the only permanent prospect of tranquilli and reconstruction is by changing the Government a constitutional way. I have not heard from quarter, British or American, a word of praise the present Government in Athens. The highest co mendation is that "bad as it is, it is the best availab Those who say this do so, one suspects, because is amenable to their wishes, which are not for direct benefit of the Greek people.

Both the British and American intervention Greece has been a sham, in that it is based on a pol that considers first the prevention of Russian

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croachment rather than the benefit of the Greek people. Is it seriously suggested in Whitehall or Washington that the Anglo-American military missions in Greece, plus the Greek Army, could hold the Soviet forces if they chose to move into Greece? It cannot be. Then why persist in methods that are driving Greeks, with their age-long friendship with the Western democracies, to act as a kind of fifth column for the Communists, to which unfortunate role they are being forced by the social injustice and insecurity created by the harsh measures of the Government.

Nobody disputes that geographically, commercially and spiritually the Greeks have strong affiliations with the West. Their instinctive resistance to the invader in 1940 testified anew to that verity. They have received little recognition of their contribution to the success of the Allied cause, and their bitter experiences since the rash decision of December, 1944, to crush E.A.M. have produced a cynicism which is alien to the Greek character. Mr. Churchill's action, conceived in the heat of war temperament, and, as Mr. Amery has written of the Anglo-French ultimatum to Benes before Munich, "enforced with indecent haste and ruthlessness," has had calamitous consequences.

The United Nations must now consider how these may be repaired. If the General Assembly, at its meeting in Paris in September, is persuaded that a truce and mediation are the first practical steps, it is vitally important that there shall be a medium in Athens for their implementation. Clearly the existing Administration is disqualified for any such democratic proceeding by its history, composition and deeds. The General Assembly will presumably ask the American Mission, which, as Mr. Spencer indicates, controls the body and soul of the Government, to dissolve it and allow the Mediator to appoint a provisional Cabinet pending elections, the procedure of which cannot be disputed. The Greek problem has not the complexities of that in Palestine; it calls merely for a recognition of realities. The formation of a Radical Progressive Party should follow rapidly, almost as a matter of course, as soon as security is assured to those who have had to keep their political independence under a bushel for the past three years or so.

E. H. ATHANASSOGLOU

Greek Outlook, 15 New Street, E.C.2.

MR. BEVIN AND THE ARABS

SIR,—It is difficult to know how much evidence Mr. L. J. Cadbury would require of British sympathy and encouragement for the Arab League's war against Israel before he withdrew his charge that your correspondent's comment to that effect was mischievous.

It is a fact that the British brought the Arab Legion into Palestine and then, breaking a promise to the Jewish Agency, left it there fully armed and primed for battle.

It is a fact that throughout the early period of fighting Britain continued to supply Transjordan and Egypt with ammunition, arms, and the petrol which should have been flowing through the pipeline to Haifa but was diverted instead to Arab refineries. I myself saw in Jerusalem on June 6 a British-made 3.7in shrapnel shell which had been fired by the Egyptian artillery, with a date stamp on the base, 25:4:48.

It is a fact that last month, when it had become clear that the Arab armies could no longer win the war, and the truce had come into force, the Foreign Office withheld for some ten days the quarterly instalment of King Abdulla's £2 million yearly subsidy, admitting with engaging frankness that they would pay it when they considered the situation "satisfactory." This implied that the Foreign Office regarded the payment of the subsidy as a useful method of "persuasion" with Abdulla. Yet they never used this method in the days when it might have had the effect of preventing the outbreak of war in Palestine.

It is a fact that the Arab Legion is officered by British officers; that the Egyptian air force has at least some British officers (I heard them myself during the Tel Aviv air raids, talking very good Oxford English to the pilots overhead on short-wave radio); that throughout the toughest fighting Sir Alexander Cadogan handled the Arab States with the softest of kid gloves.

Perhaps the Arab diplomats are sufficiently naïve to regard all this as a sign of British neutrality, or even of British disapproval. But Mr. Cadbury, I am sure, is not.

He mentions that the charge of your correspondent cannot be true because Count Bernadotte denied during his last visit to New York that Britain was urging the Arabs to fight. The Count, of course, was perfectly right. But surely his remark proves nothing. Mr. Cadbury forgets that when Count Bernadotte made his remark the Arab armies had already demonstrated their inability to wage a successful war against Israel. They had been pushed out of Israeli territory, and in the last days before the truce they had found themselves in grave difficulties on almost every front. Count Bernadotte himself was just off to Palestine with a plan which corresponds very closely to the current desires of the British Foreign Office. The U.S. State Department had clearly acquiesced in that plan. Surely in these circumstances it would have been the height of folly for Mr. Bevin to urge the Arabs at that moment to continue fighting.

I can understand Mr. Cadbury being sorry that an anti-British atmosphere should have developed in America as a result of the Palestine events. But the way to change this atmosphere—which I can assure Mr. Cadbury extends very far beyond the United States—is not to go on pretending we are innocent of all intrigue and intervention in Palestine when we manifestly are not, but to demonstrate that we have abandoned a policy which sought to provoke and sustain war when war looked like bringing about a "British" solution in Palestine, and now seeks, since that has failed, to sponsor a "settlement" which has nothing in common with the United Nations' decisions on the Palestine question.

DEREK KARTUN

LOGICAL POSITIVISM

SIR,—Both Professors Ayer and Joad seem wide of the mark in their comments on "Oxonian's" charge that the influence of Logical Positivism in Oxford is favourable to the growth of Fascism. The charge is that Logical Positivism produces a vacuum "left by an abeyance of concern with fundamental human values"—and into this vacuum steps Fascism. Professor Ayer retorts that Logical Positivism does recognise the existence and role of value judgments, but it shows that they are different from either judgments of fact or of logical necessity. He adopts in essence the standpoint of Rudolf Carnap, who says that "a value judgment is a command expressed in a misleading grammatical form." Thus value judgments may be obeyed or disobeyed, you may agree or disagree with them, but you cannot say that they are either true or false. Against this Professor Joad objects that it still leaves the vacuum of which "Oxonian" complained. He wants to say that value judgments are true, because they express the "moral order" contained in the universe, "transcending the familiar world of things known to us by our senses . . ." Unless you can say something like this, he thinks, you leave a vacuum into which Fascism can insinuate itself.

I believe that the true position is misunderstood by both. It is useless for Ayer to say that he does not exclude value judgments. In saying that value judgments are simply expressions of approval or disapproval, and in erecting a Chinese wall, as he does, between science and valuation, Ayer does exclude the possibility of a rational and scientific basis of human morality. And it is because of *this* that he leaves a vacuum into which Fascism may insinuate itself. His philosophy removes questions of conduct from the sphere of rational discussion—and to do that is certainly to open the door to Fascism.

But then exactly the same applies to Joad, with his "transcendent moral order." If value judgments

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are true when they correspond to "another order of reality which includes values," then the discussion of their truth certainly lies entirely outside the sphere of scientific discussion—and here Joad and Ayer are in complete agreement. Joad must believe that the value judgments which he thinks are true are certified in some transcendental way, by intuition or perhaps by divine revelation. In either case there is no possibility of scientific discussion. According to Ayer's philosophy there can be no rational argument between people with different valuations, and exactly the same follows from Joad's philosophy.

Not long ago Joad, too, was writing about Oxford, and one of the things he lamented in that article was that the students had lost their appreciation of rare wines. The days are indeed gone when one of the most treasured "values" of academic life was to sit sipping vintage port while discussing the *Summum Bonum.* If we perceive, as "Oxonian" does, the inadequacies of the Logical Positivist doctrine, we will not mend matters by seeking to return, with Joad, to what the Logical Positivists (rather justifiably, in my opinion) call the twaddle of transcendentalism.

Joad claims that his transcendentalism is "the traditional philosophy of Western Europe." This claim is manifestly false. It is only one tradition. There is another tradition besides—the tradition of Scientific Rationalism and Materialism. According to this tradition, man is a part of nature—the order of the world is the order of the material universe and there is no transcendent moral order—there is no transcendent purpose in the universe but there is a purpose in human life, because men create their own purposes. According to this tradition, we make no appeal to divine revelation or to intuition, nor are we reduced to simply expressing our own subjective feelings of approval and disapproval, but we seek guidance in human affairs from scientific knowledge of the material conditions of human life and human society.

This tradition, unlike the other, has always been a militant tradition. It fights against superstitions and illusions by seeking to advance scientific knowledge, and it fights against social wrong and injustice in the name of a morality which it seeks to base upon knowledge of man and of society. It is, I believe, because they have both turned their backs upon *this* "Western tradition" that Ayer and Joad are unable in either of their philosophies to solve the problems of valuation which arise to-day.

MAURICE CORNFORTH

SIR,—While agreeing with Dr. Joad that the tendency of Logical Positivism is to make it difficult for students to take seriously the questions about values which are properly raised in ethics, politics and aesthetics, I think it is dangerously misleading to concentrate attention on Professor Ayer's *Language, Truth and Logic.* The trouble goes a good deal deeper than this.

This book made no claim to originality. Most of the philosophical arguments in it were stated two hundred years ago by Hume, who began the attack, in Britain, on the intellectual foundations of ethics; though his psychology of the moral life was a good deal subtler than Professor Ayer's. The other main source of Professor Ayer's ideas was the work of a number of Continental writers, who, for historical reasons, were consciously or unconsciously anxious to provide themselves with moral alibis.

More alarming than Professor Ayer's *succès de scandale,* is the fact that a thinker of the eminence and influence of Lord Russell should apparently have allowed himself to be persuaded that he believes this stuff. Thus in the concluding chapter of his *History of Western Philosophy,* he writes (having described the scope of analytical empiricism): "There remains, however, a vast field, traditionally included in philosophy, where scientific methods are inadequate. This field includes ultimate questions of value; science alone, for example, cannot prove that it is bad to enjoy the infliction of cruelty. Whatever can be known, can be known by means of science; but *things which are legitimately matters of feeling lie outside its province.*" Pp. 862-3. (My italics.) This implies that values cannot be known, and that the evaluation, for example, of cruelty, is merely a "matter of feeling." The rest of the chapter suggests that "science" is either mathematical or physical and is necessarily "abstract."

In fairness to Lord Russell I should add that this chapter is by no means free from contradictions. For example, he refers in the last paragraph to "scientific truthfulness" as a "virtue" which his school has introduced into philosophy—hardly a modest claim, but one hopes not merely an emotive one.

Lord Russell's opposition to Fascism is, of course, beyond question, but in view of the *impression* which some of the statements of this "school" have undoubtedly given, it is unfortunate that Lord Russell should have chosen the evil of cruelty as an example of one of the things which cannot be known.

D. J. MCCRACKEN

Department of Philosophy, The University, Birmingham, 3.

SIR,—The argument used by Dr. Joad depends very greatly upon an implied assumption which, though widely accepted, is questionable.

Dr. Joad comes to the conclusion that the "vacuum" produced by Logical Positivism creates a climate favourable to Fascist ideas. His emphasis on this conclusion has no point unless he is implicitly assuming that the moral values of traditional Western philosophy which would otherwise fill the vacuum are in some way a *safeguard* against Fascist ideas. This assumption depends on the further assumption that these moral values are as unchanging in their application as they are in their names. Thus, it is assumed that those who deny an absolute moral order inevitably become casuists; they make the means justify the end and they vary their principles to suit expediency. On the other hand, those who believe in absolute values are assumed to be thereby safeguarded from such casuistry; they have a definite and consistent guiding principle to keep them on a straight path of virtue.

But this assumption is thoroughly questionable. It *seems* plausible because we in Western Europe have a continuous tradition and because we have for hundreds of years used such words as "justice," "mercy," "humility," etc., with consequently approving connotations. We all believe in Justice; we therefore take it for granted that, when we do something which we agree to call "just," it *is* just in some absolute sense. And we forget how fantastically our interpretations of this word have varied from time to time. The same applies to most of the other "values"—to beauty and goodness, to the rights of man and the rights of property, to the virtues of religious intolerance and social humility, and so on. There is in the history of Western civilisation a great deal of evidence to suggest that its moral values are absolute and consistent only in their names, and that the deeds which have been justified by these names have been as casuist and as tied to expediency as any authoritarian State could demand. (It seems to be generally agreed, for instance, that the Churches have sometimes in the past considered it their duty to provide moral sanction for the actions of the State.)

The trouble about a belief in an absolute moral order is that, whenever there is a dispute as to what are the *real* absolutes (e.g., as to what is the true meaning of beauty or goodness), there is no objective method of verification by which to decide the matter. This being so, the decision must be made either by each individual according to his own feelings (which are not always disinterested) or by authority (which is practically never disinterested). A moral vacuum may perhaps be favourable to Fascism. But it is at least arguable that one will not greatly improve matters by filling this vacuum with a stock of values which *seem* to be absolute (and thus are greatly conducive to mental comfort) but which, in fact, can be interpreted by authority so as to suit its needs.

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BOOKS IN GENERAL

ONE saw them propping the walls in Shaftesbury Avenue, or wandering sadly about the countryside looking for what they called "the night life"; patiently attending their girls who had never had so much trained attention in their lives; talking in buses about their lighters and their wrist watches. They hated to be alone and when they were together they appeared to be frantically anxious, as schoolboys are, to be thought violently, nonchalantly, male and tough. That made conversation difficult. But of course, we did our best. We even surpassed ourselves. Irked by the obvious lack of interest in England shown by the average American soldier whose mind was still in his own home, we became surprisingly like Nathaniel Hawthorne's unflattering portrait of the Englishman: a creature effusively talkative and consequential, like some auctioneer, piling on the Dickensian eccentricities, exploiting the mad streak which Henry Adams disliked in us and Henry James saw through. We were enormously inclined, in a much-travelled way, to tell the visitor what New York was like and where he was injudicious about the Negroes, the Catholics, the Jews, the Irish and so on. It was like a bloodcurdling family reunion; and blood is thicker than water, it seems to boil more quickly. All parties were glad to get away after looking at the photographs, making enthusiastic promises. We had missed an opportunity.

It is presented to us again in Mr. Geoffrey Gorer's brilliant, packed and persuasive study of the American character,* a book no English reader should neglect. To examine is to doubt and as a rule the Americans have hated doubt; but Mr. Gorer is an anthropologist and Americans who resent opinion will take it when it is offered them in a quasi-scientific form. In Margaret Mead and Ruth Benedict they have produced anthropologists of the highest standing and it is in their steps that Mr. Gorer has carefully travelled. Analogies from Freud, tribal comparisons, a glance—more than a glance—at Behaviourism, and fieldwork take the place of the dazzling intuitions of the egoistical traveller. No tact, yet no offence: no fireworks, the wit is in the approach. The book might have been written in some luminous and reassuring clinic for the treatment of the manias of the travelling chauvinist. The Americans, like the once famous Trobriand Islanders, are taken on their own ground and the comparison with European habits is wisely avoided. If the reader occasionally protests it is for the old reason that scientific method sometimes tells one more slowly what we have long known in an unsystematic way from the study of history or the reading of imaginative literature. It is the kind of protest we make after the visit to the fortune teller, when the first happiness of flattered vanity dies down: the categories of the character-reader are so wide.

If Mr. Gorer's theory is fun, that is no condemnation of it: wherever national or class cultures are rejected, the American situation is, in many aspects, repeated. Mr. Gorer's main theory goes back to Freud:

> The down-trodden sons unite to kill the tyrannical father; then, overwhelmed by their crime and fearful that one of their number will attempt to take the murdered father's place, they make a compact which establishes the legal equality of the brothers, based on the common renunciation of the father's authority and privileges.

England was the tyrannical father; henceforward the American will feel hatred and guilt not only to England but to authority itself. His is a fatherless society where control over people is thought to be sin. People who have to rule must pretend not to do so. They must rule in their shirt sleeves with feet on the desk; and, for the ruled, it is necessary to make the ruler ridiculous, to reduce him to the common human level (Peter Arno's King who had no pants on under his royal robes). "Respect and awe are the most painful emotions that Americans recognise" in their relations with persons—though not with places and things. How is the enormous, indeed embarrassing respect and reverence given to the foreign intellectual to be reconciled with this epigram? That this respect is in fact conceived in agony? Or would Mr. Gorer direct us to the split or double nature, the feminine conscience which is "encapsulated" in the American male?

For that is the second point. What the revolution began the immigration completed a century later: the final destruction of the father's prestige. A foreigner with a foreign culture, not even speaking the English tongue, the immigrant is despised by his own children. He can cut no public figure. He is a mere breadwinner. The mother is at least protected by the home; she becomes the strength of the family and her influence is supplemented by the school teacher, usually a woman, whose role is to turn the child into an acceptable American. Hence the dominant parent in American life is Momma. With what effect we know when we turn to our *New Yorker*, when we read American novels and then remember the national guilt expressed in Mothers' Day. Poor old mother, she wasn't so bad after all. If we are a race of patricides in England, they are matricides in America. It is Momma who has forced the young American into social life and given him his terror of being a sissy, the frantic maleness which conceals his morbid terror of homosexuality, his fear of passivity. It is Momma, they say, who is behind the alcoholism; it is Momma who addles his conscience and provides the idealism.

But idealism is not thought to apply to business or that part of business which is connected with politics: this is the world of things, the male world, not the feminine world of persons. The conscience is divided:

> The fact that there are spheres in American life to which moral rules do not apply is disconcerting to the more consistent moralists, to the extent that they let themselves be aware of this. But the more general reaction is to deny the existence of such spheres. There is a general and concerted tendency to ignore those aspects of the universe which clash too strongly with the general ethical picture. The system of achieving morality by treating as non-existent facts which cannot be reconciled with an ethical picture reached its most consistent development in Christian Science.

But if we laugh at Momma, especially when she turns into Madame Chairman, she is no more a monster than the European father is. The Mommas are simply better integrated as characters than their sons are. In the sense that it is a kind of split matriarchy American society approaches the primitive and might be said to resemble that of the Ashantis. And the Mommas are the chief bulwark against chaos. Without them

> we might well be left with a sub-continent of cynicism and hedonism—a civilisation where "anything goes," where everybody "gets his," where business and politics, law and order, all become unscrupulous rackets; where the only purpose in life is to get enough money, by whatever means, in order to pursue happiness, but only capture pleasure; where sobriety is too painful and meaningless to be endured and alcohol shows the way to a joyless good time.

Most travellers in America have interpreted the American character through the dramatic relation of the human being to the extraordinary physical environment. New countries, new ways; a really new world for the ideas of the Enlightenment. The passion for success grows where success is possible. Wealth will be admired where wealth is overwhelmingly to be gained. The cult of toughness has the pioneer tradition behind it. The heightened language and the boasting have their roots, surely, in the myth-making of the frontier camps—see the legends of Paul Bunyan—and are not, one would think, primarily a desire to impress pushful parents. Emphasis is natural to a society which has rejected a dominant culture. (The English working classes tend to be boastful compared with the dominant middle-classes; to reject a culture or to be denied it may release personality even if this eventually deteriorates in the wilderness. Perhaps Mr. Gorer, who prefers the Freudian approach, would argue here that where a culture pattern has been broken there is a retreat into the childish attitudes of family life).

The evident loneliness of Americans, or rather, their dread of loneliness is another characteristic which can just as well be approached historically. The far, far from home emotion of the man alone in a huge country of widely separated townships, the emotion of nostalgia for what is lost, are both natural and terrifying to the immigrant and pioneer; and this feeling recurs powerfully in American literature and may be thought even to inflect the rhythms of American verse. One has only to think of the lines of Whitman or Poe; or the description of the raft journey down the Mississippi in *Huckleberry Finn*. That rhythm is in a modern writer like Hemingway. Mr. Gorer takes the psychologists' view. The child has been pushed by its parents to the limit of its capacity; it becomes insatiable "for signs of love reassuring it that it is worthy of love and therefore of success." If nobody is there, if there is no one paying attention and one is alone, doubt begins to gnaw. Americans are gregarious in order to maintain their self-esteem and to kill anxiety.

Hence the general lack of privacy which appals Europeans. A young person who prefers to be alone is, in America, an almost certain schizophrenic. The same tendency is strong in English working class life. I have heard a man who preferred to sit by himself in a large canteen on the Clyde, described as "having something wrong with him. He won't sit with his mates." He was probably qualifying for entry into the English middle class; in America, we must suppose, he would be on the way to sissy-dom or the bottle.

The Puritan ethic, as Mr. Gorer says, supports many of the tendencies of the American character. (He makes no attempt to inspect the minds of American Catholics; in the Pope they have an unassailable father-figure.) I would have said, for example, that Puritanism had done more than merely encourage the notion that success equals virtue and is proof that one is worthy of love, maternal or divine. I would have said that Puritan doctrine first advanced this notion. Again, though it is an excellent point that the American system of infant-feeding, with its arbitary schedules has given to many Americans an hysterical fear of starvation and an eagerness to gorge when the time comes—dyspepsia, the national disease—it is also true that Puritanism has traditionally given an almost religious importance to "good food." One is eating virtue; and gluttony like alcoholism is a notorious alternative to sexual indulgence which the Puritan fears more than anything else. I very much doubt the accuracy of Mr. Gorer's opinion that Americans would sooner give away money than food: the opposite has been our experience during the last two years.

What has always struck us, of course, is the insecurity of the American male in his relations with people and his superb confidence in the world of things. Here, as Mr. Gorer says, the Americans are not originally creative and inventive, but are expert, as no race has been before them, in adaptation and diffusion: and this especially fits them to play an irresistible part in the world. They are the indispensable servants of the world-revolution but are evidently not cut out by gift or temperament to inspire it. Why they should not be originally creative is puzzling. It is possible that the lack of the organic sense, the conviction that man is a machine, that ideas can be thought of separately and not brought into closer relation, that Nature is itself a thing, turns them into technicians and cuts them off from the chaos, the accidents and intuitions of the creative process. The thoughts of one's American friends—and especially in their books—emerge in the form of brilliant granulations, at one remove from the raw material. And yet the Americans have an effect upon us which is comparable, in some ways, to that of the newly-rich, artificially hardened, able Elizabethans. But sterile Elizabethans; they seem capable of all, yet are bedevilled by their deliberateness.

V. S. PRITCHETT

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* *The Americans.* By GEOFFREY GORER. *The Cresset Press.* 10s 6d.

THE GREEK QUARREL

Apple of Discord. By C. M. WOODHOUSE. *Hutchinson.* 21s.

Col. Woodhouse became commander of the Allied Mission to the Greek Guerillas in the summer of 1943. He succeeded Brigadier Myers, with whom he had been dropped by parachute in the Pindus Mountains in the autumn of '42, primarily in order to blow up the Gorgospotamos Bridge. It has been suggested that Myers was withdrawn because London and Cairo considered him a case of mountain mentality, altogether too favourable towards ELAS; Col. Woodhouse makes no statement to this effect though he mentions that the late King George II declared that he would abdicate if Myers returned to Greece.

In this book the author's rich background of personal experience in the mountains, in Athens, all over the place, has been rather austerely repressed. It is a history of political events in Greece from the German occupation to the announcement of the Truman doctrine and the American intervention of 1947. Its purpose is plainly stated in the preface. It is "to justify British policy in Greece as the only possible policy," and to show "why neither that nor any other policy could have completely succeeded." In a footnote to the passage which deals with the winding up of his mission Col. Woodhouse states equally plainly, by implication, his conception of his assignment:

> If there had been no AMM in Greece from 1942 the communists would have been in total control of Greece when the Germans left. The western Allies must then have either left Greece to be forcibly incorporated in the USSR or fought their way back into Greece in order forcibly to restore the old regime.

The whole thesis is an extremely debatable one. It has served as the basis of a policy which so far has helped to bring little but disaster to Greece. By acting upon it, by committing itself to the extreme Right, instead of attempting to consolidate and extend the centre, British policy has contributed to the present situation which is nearer total failure than incomplete success. True the centre in Greece is politically weak, but that does not mean to say it is non-existent. There is always a centre everywhere, but if it is squeezed from the Right it bulges towards the Left. It is interesting to note how rather inconsistently pessimistic Col. Woodhouse now is about the future.

In his concluding chapter, he appears to regard Greece as dominated, economically and geographically, by the Balkans, and destined to be absorbed into the Slav Soviet bloc; from this point of view any policy was a counsel of despair.

The emphasis throughout is exclusively political. Political events and configurations, and of personalities only the political aspects are described in exhaustive, sometimes indeed almost exhausting detail. Everything is subordinated to the main thesis and this no doubt accounts for the impression one gets of a quite unwitting obfuscatory process at work as one reads on through the labyrinthine complexities of resistance groups, Left and Right, collaborationists, political parties. In teasing them all out Col. Woodhouse has performed a notable feat of political dissection; all the organs are neatly exposed and labelled, even if the conspectus remains strictly anatomical. The writing, though often entertaining, is inclined to be over-elaborate. At times it is like listening to a marathon discourse by a defensive foreign office spokesman who has not quite digested his Henry James. Equivocation, prompted, no doubt, by the intention of being scrupulously fair, is a favourite device. Thus we are told of King George II that "those who have tried to do justice to (him) have found it dangerously easy to be unjust to the Greek people; the converse is equally true." Of EAM: "One maintains that EAM/ELAS was the tool of a ruthless conspiracy of Slavophil Communists; the other maintains that EAM/ELAS embodied every progressive force in Greece. The important thing about these two statements is that both are perfectly true." And of ELAS units in the field:

> the distrust felt by the BMM towards them in areas where they coexisted with their rivals was based not upon the conviction that they were communists (which most of them were not) or that they were politically unreliable (a judgment which meant nothing to nine BLO's out of ten) but upon the fact that they could not be relied upon to fight the enemy in the way that the strategy of the Middle East Command required. . . .

The revelation that from a certain point in 1943 ELAS became increasingly preoccupied with future political considerations, and started hoarding arms, has become a familiar argument for apologists of British policy who now tend to produce it as their ace of trumps. But if, as Col. Woodhouse maintains, "the suspicion that the British authorities . . . intended to reimpose the monarchy on Greece willy nilly . . . became a certainty in their minds even before it became true" (how long before we are not told) it explains a great deal. The old zoo slogan, *cet animal est méchant! quand on l'attaque il se défend*, applies to creatures of all political complexions. There can be little doubt that the determination to reinstall the monarchy had the effect of polarising the latent political conflict inside Greece.

In dealing with the events of December 3rd, 1944, in Athens, Col. Woodhouse is less than fair to the Left. Granted that "if the conflict had not come about in that way it would have come about in another," yet the actual circumstances, as described by the scrupulously non-partisan McNeill and others, are curiously typical of the entire pattern of events. McNeill describes how at the critical moment in Constitution Square "a man dressed in military uniform, but not in the grey of the police, suddenly ran out from the H.Q. building, shouted 'Shoot the bastards!' crouched down on one knee and began to fire. . . . The crowd was taken completely by surprise." Col. Woodhouse has it that: "When the crowd of demonstrators . . . closed with the police, several policemen fired into them, which was exactly the object for which the KKE had assembled them there." Later he quotes an incontestably expert policeman as saying "It was worse than a crime it was a blunder." This was, I assume, the same expert whom I met in Athens last April, and who still thought, or said that he thought—that the whole trouble might have been avoided if the police had not fired. This is beside the point. What is significant is Col. Woodhouse's tendency to attribute diabolically premeditated motives to the KKE leadership. He appears to suffer here from what might be termed intelligence agent's occupational paranoia. Sometimes he gives you the impression that he admired—purely professionally, of course—the KKE for activities which, if planned, were planned all wrong. In fact its strategy seems to have suffered from a fatal isolationist tendency. No doubt the KKE would return the compliment and maintain that this was due to the diabolical machinations of Col. Woodhouse.

But when all is said and done, the book remains an important contribution to the period. The average reader, may find it hard in places to see the wood for the trees, and like so much contemporary history it really needs to be read accompanied by some strictly objective gloss which, of course, there is nobody to supply.

MAURICE RICHARDSON

THE GREAT GODDESS

The Gate of Horn. By G. R. LEVY. *Faber & Faber.* £2. 2s.

In a world of Pelicans and Digests some subjects can still defy simplification. The history of the sliding, ambiguous ideas and emotions underlying the development of religions is certainly one of them. Yet there are ways of being more or less difficult. It is, for example, possible to mark out a trend of thought and so to dragoon the details that they line up obediently as illustrations. Or it is possible, as Miss Levy has done, to amass quantities of detail and allow general ideas to arise occasionally from them. This is one of the more difficult ways. Like creatures in a dense forest, exciting ideas peer out at the reader. But they turn tail, and when next a pair of eyes is seen it is difficult to know whether they belong to the identical beast.

The *Gate of Horn* is an attempt to interpret early religious concepts and to show how far they survived to "become eventually part of the intellectual life of Europe." As soon as mounting self-consciousness gave man an agonising sense of separation from the whole, he strove to re-unite himself through participation. This impulse, continuously refining itself and losing force, was to be the strongest motive behind all religion and all art.

In its most primitive form it gave rise to a conception of a return to the primal substance leading to rebirth, an idea personified in the Great Goddess or Earth Mother in all her bewildering manifestations. A hundred thousand years ago Old Stone Age hunters were carving inspired figures of this goddess, and pursuing the chthonic aspects of the notion, Miss Levy believes, in "the recognition of a single life-giving substance based on the age-long stability of the cave." This identification of the cave with the womb is a familiar one; those who accept it naturally see its continuation in the earthfast megalithic burial chambers of the west European New Stone Age. Here the Earth Mother, sometimes represented by highly stylised reliefs or by pairs of breasts carved from the rough stones of the tomb walls, is conceived as the home of the dead as well as the power for rebirth.

The shift in experience and desire, however, that went with the supercession of hunting by farming in the New Stone Age inevitably led to changes in belief. The Great Goddess lived on, but there was added to her, often as her son, a Dying God symbolic of the rise and fall of the seasons. Far more revolutionary, of far more profound significance for the future of civilisation, was the next phase when the Dying God was allied with a celestial divinity, normally a sun god, who stood for the newly apprehended idea of cosmic order, of cyclic regularity. The ancient female principle, the simple receptivity and creativity of earth, was defeated and masculinity asserted its triumph.

This story finds what is for us its most significant illustration in Greece. The surviving art of the Minoan civilisation, the famous statuettes, the gay paintings of court ladies, the scenes of girls sharing with boys in the ritual bull games, suggest that the Great Goddess had here her most brilliant, her most debonair achievement. It was the Indo-European invaders, high pastoralists with a patriarchal organisation who enforced the Olympian victory, enthroned Zeus and prepared the way for the rule of Apollonian intellect. The creation of men's deepest desire could not die, the Goddess was reborn as Artemis, Aphrodite, Hera; even as Athena. Yet while the spirit of Homer was in the ascendancy, it was hostile to the ancient rites, it was an heroic humanism, a glorification of the individual man in his own strength. This was something even more remote from daemonic participation than the parallel ethical development of the Hebrews with its bold new doctrine "a contrite heart is better than sacrifice." But the promptings of the subconscious cannot be denied. Through the austere heroic tradition rose Dionysus who "brought back into Greece the possibility of human participation in the divine life," and Orpheus, who extended this largely physical communion to embrace the world of intellectual imagination. Miss Levy finishes her picture by suggesting the blending of these elements not only in Greek drama whose ritual origins are well known, but also in the thought of Greek philosophers and scientists.

In the dense texture of this book, full of information, loaded with photographs and drawings, it is hard either to praise or to criticise with any exactness. There is a question of method that demands to be singled out. During the past twenty years the facts of early European history, the movements of peoples, the growth of cultures, has been established with remarkable precision. The forms of their spiritual life, of ritual and belief, still wait to be distinguished. The *Gate of Horn* neglects to do this, it is too universal in its approach, flitting lightly through time and space to the Incas and Mayas, to modern primitives from Esquimaux to Australian aborigines, lingering in the Pacific among the fashionable islanders of Malekula. Religious manifestations may have a peculiar universality, yet there would have been evident value in using precise historical analysis to see how far religious changes were spontaneous, how often they were due to historical events, to migrations and cultural borrowings. Lost opportunities of this kind are particularly flagrant for the prehistoric West. It is well known that the megalithic tombs of neolithic Europe and their associated fertility symbols were the work of farming communities with close Mediterranean relationships, while it was the early Bronze Age invaders, pastoralists with Indo-European antecedents, who introduced sacred buildings such as Stonehenge that have no fertility associations and may legitimately be assigned to some barbarous counterpart of Zeus. By treating the whole of western prehistory as an indivisible mass Miss Levy has lost an interesting contribution to her story.

A minor point of criticism is the omission of the sexual element from the picture of the most primitive European religion. There is no word of the phalloi that are as frequent as the female statuettes equally in the Old Stone Age and the New, while many will find the identification of free-standing, oil-anointed pillars as an "embodiment of the Mother Goddess" to be altogether incredible.

Perhaps after all one should leave this book thinking of the present rather than of the past. For a hundred thousand years our ancestors satisfied the dark side of their understanding by ritual participation in a divine unity. What will happen now that our only entries to this numinous world are through individual sexual life and the narrowing vision of a handful of artists working in isolation from their society? JACQUETTA HAWKES

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OUR MENTAL POWERS

The Reach of the Mind. By J. B. RHINE. *Faber.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

It is now eighteen years since Dr. Rhine began his celebrated work at Duke University, U.S.A., on telepathy and clairvoyance. During those eighteen years there has been an immense development of what has come to be called "parapsychology," defined as "a branch of psychology which deals with mental and behavioural phenomena that appear to require principles not at present recognised."

As a result of the work of Carington, Tyrrell and Soal in England and of Rhine and his co-workers in the U.S.A., telepathy, the being aware of what is going on in another person's mind otherwise than by inference from the behaviour of his body, and clairvoyance, the awareness of objects or events without the use of the bodily senses, may now be taken as established facts. More recently, pre-cognitive telepathy, the being aware of what is about to happen in another person's mind but has not happened yet, has been added, and in Dr. Rhine's present book there is an account of pre-cognitive clairvoyance.

The chief novelty of the book is, however, what Dr. Rhine calls *psycho-kinesis* (PK), the name given to the process whereby the mind by willing produces an effect upon physical objects without the intervention of the body. The PK experiments were mainly carried out with dice. The dice were thrown sometimes by hand, sometimes by mechanical means—"they were thrown by gravity alone after being released by a trap arrangement"—and "the subject is instructed to will the dice to land with a specified face or combination of faces uppermost."

Here is an account of a typical PK test:

> Let us say the target chosen for the run was sevens. The subject was asked to shake the dice in the cup and throw them on to a padded table top. The upper faces were observed, called aloud, and recorded by the experimenter. All the sevens combinations (6 and 1, 5 and 2, 4 and 3) were circled on the record sheet and, after each run of 12 throws, the hits were counted and the score put down. Two sevens were, on the average, to be expected from pure chance in a run of twelve throws.

With his usual thoroughness Rhine carried out thousands of experiments of this kind and found that many, in fact most of his subjects tended to record scores which were above chance, though no scores were so markedly above chance as in the cases of telepathy and clairvoyance which have on occasions yielded runs of one hundred per cent correct calling, that is to say, runs in which the order of 25 cards lying face downwards in a pack (clairvoyance), or looked at seriatim by an observer (telepathy) was correctly stated by "the subject." However, the mathematicians, when appealed to, pronounced the PK scores to be so markedly in excess of chance that the odds against a purely chance explanation were astronomical.

If chance is ruled out, what hypotheses remain? Fraud? There is no conclusive disproof but the arguments against fraud are to my mind overwhelming, the chief being psychological. Is it really credible, one asks oneself, that over a period of eighteen years a group of men and women running into hundreds should have been willing to engage in long exhausting and frequently boring experiments with no other purpose than that of making fools of one another and of the public? Is it, further, credible that, if they had done so, nobody would have given the game away?

Assuming that we accept the results at their face value, what conclusions are we entitled to draw? First, a definite faculty seems to be involved. That this is so is illustrated by the phenomenon of "declines." Nearly all the extra-chance scores are registered in the first two or three runs. The faculty, in other words seems to get fatigued.

Secondly, the faculty is mental, not physical. Take clairvoyance; if some *physical* emanation from the cards influenced the card guesser, you would expect its force to diminish with the distance of the guesser from the cards but it does not. Similarly with the PK effect; if a physical force emanating from the willer affected the movements of the dice, you would expect the force to be focused more effectively upon one object than upon a considerable number. But it was not so; on the contrary, the highest PK results were achieved when a considerable number of dice were used. Thirdly, the PK faculty is not abnormal but normal; most people have it in some degree.

What then? One inference seems inescapable. There is a spiritual or mental element in the human personality not explicable in terms of, or resolvable into, physical constituents. In this sense, Dr. Rhine claims, we have settled by experimental methods the time-honoured controversy as to whether man has a soul. He deduces as further conclusions, first, that the hypothesis that something survives bodily death is reinforced since, (a) there *is* apparently a non-bodily "some-

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thing"; and (b) if minds do survive bodies, they must be discarnate and their communications, therefore, must be extra-sensory.

Dr. Rhine also seems to think that the establishment of extra-sensory modes of communication makes for higher morality and world peace. This seems to be a piece of American optimism, based on the naive assumption that the more people can communicate with and know about one another, the more they will like each other. There seems to be no ground for this assumption.

The important question is whether the PK effect is credible. Is it, that is to say, really credible that minds can by willing produce a direct effect upon the movements of matter at a distance? The answer is that we are not entitled to dismiss it as incredible so long as we have to admit, (a) that minds do constantly produce direct effects upon those pieces of matter which are brains and bodies, as when I will to lift my arm; and (b) that we have not the faintest idea how they do so.

While the manner of mind-body interaction remains so completely mysterious, we are not entitled to deny the possibility of mind-object interaction. The only really plausible arguments I can find against the hypothesis are that, if it were true, it is difficult to understand how mankind could ever have laid it down that "watched pots never boil," and that so many people share my belief in the natural malignancy of inanimate objects.

While the matter of this book is fascinating, the manner is frequently distressing. Dr. Rhine is extremely long-winded and apt to be platitudinous. He uses horrible words like "randomize" and shares to the full the American predilection for high-sounding semi-technical words. The book abounds in sentences like "half of the social toxicity of the cerebrocentric view of man lies in the fact that it allows no true volitional freedom" which, being interpreted, means, I think, that to hold that the brain rather than the mind is the source of human activity is to deny freewill and that this is bad for society.

C. E. M. JOAD

CONFUCIUS

The First Holy One. By MAURICE COLLIS. *Faber.* 18*s.*

The nine chapters of this book deal with Confucius himself and with persons whom the author regards as eminent Confucians, down to the ninth century A.D. It is intended to give pleasure rather than to instruct. It is evidently addressed to the widest possible public; but there is much in it which should serve as a useful stimulus to the specialist. Mr. Collis, who does not read Chinese, has had to rely on the work of sinologues, and in as far as his book shows inadequacies and misapprehensions, the blame falls as much on us (the specialists) as on Mr. Collis himself. Even so, I think it may be justly said that he has not availed himself to the full of the sources which European learning provides. He makes mistakes which he certainly would not have made if he had developed the habit of glancing through back numbers of learned magazines, such as the *Bulletin de l'Ecole d'Extrême-Orient*. His rather casual attitude towards his sources is shown by the fact that he attributes two books to the wrong Giles. Spelling mistakes in Chinese, Indian and European names are so numerous as to give the book an air of positive illiteracy.

The main fault of the book (and here I think the blame rests entirely on Mr. Collis's sources) is that it regards the Confucianism of the Middle Ages as a doctrine of immemorial antiquity. Mr. Collis speaks as though the Four Books (a category unknown till the twelfth century A.D.) were already canonical before the Christian era. In an interior monologue *à la* Lytton Strachey he makes a seventh century Emperor say to himself that he was "Son of Heaven, the representative of the unknown God on earth. The Confucian system would be restored in its entirety, the ritual sacrifices, *The Four Books* . . ." This shows the danger of the literary method which we may call "putting ideas into people's heads." In the seventh century the Four Books, as a category, did not exist, and only one of them, the *Analects* of Confucius, had any repute. Even the most casual general reader is, I think, likely to feel that the title of the book is misleading. It is not a book about Confucius, and most of its contents have no relation to him save for the fact that the characters who figure in these pages were his compatriots. Mr. Collis seems at times to have twinges of conscience about this. Thus the chapter on the historian Ssu-ma Ch'ien is headed "A Great Confucian," a procedure that requires some explanation, in view of the fact that this historian has constantly been blamed for his Taoist bias. The poet Ch'ü Yüan is also referred to as a "celebrated Confucian," which seems to me quite arbitrary and to raise the question whether Mr. Collis ought not somewhere to have defined what he means by "Confucian."

For the author's failure to relate ideas to concrete environment his sources are also to blame. It is true that when he says that "everything necessary to the understanding of Chinese civilisation" happened before the end of the first century B.C., he is advancing what he calls a "paradox," which I take to mean a view that he knows is untrue. But even this fancy could not have come into his head if his attention had ever been drawn to the vast concrete changes that happened after the Christian era; for example, the general use of oxen for ploughing, the linking up of the great river-systems, the change from barter to a true money-economy, the final establishment of silver as the common medium of exchange, the rise of a mercantile class—I mention only a few items as they occur to me. But sinologues have for the most part treated ideas as though they dropped from the sky and then existed in a social vacuum, and it is not surprising that Mr. Collis should follow suit. The one concrete matter to which he gives attention is geography. How delightful that a short volume of this kind should be provided with four maps! The illustrations are excellent and in the notes to them at the end of the book the author shows himself very much at home in Asiatic art-history. His spelling, however, does not improve. In writing Dr. Bachhofer's name he wavers; with regard to Lord Curzon he is at least consistent, calling him thrice over "Lord Curson." I must end by saying that I am sure my view of this book is not at all a representative one and am confident that it will do exactly what it set out to do—give pleasure to a very wide public.

ARTHUR WALEY

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> agreeable, that they are willing to listen. In fact, sometimes I feel that we are in league against the years between, and that to be tolerated in these grim Forties is my reward for having kept silent in the dirty Twenties.

There speaks the true grandfather with his vindictive spit at the sons who overthrew him, as all sons must, and the bond of sympathy with the sons' sons in whom the same blood runs but not directed towards the passionate struggle. Yes, we can now listen to Grandad but only because our fathers overthrew him and broke his hold.

In the case of Mr. Young (whom we should be most likely to find one afternoon taking tea and buttered toast at one of the Conservative clubs) we shall be rewarded with uncommonly good talk about a surprisingly wide variety of subjects. He writes, among other things, about Mr. Gladstone, life in the Inns of Court in Shakespeare's time, George IV, Virgil and Horace, the age of Tennyson, Burke, and Rights and Duties in the modern state. And how well he talks at his best, how vividly he can fix a character for us by a picture, as in this on Thackeray:

> The railway is the great Victorian symbol, and I often picture the people of that age as a railway crowd, all pushing, scrambling, and shoving—backwards or forwards—at once . . . and among them I see a passenger whose joy is darkened by one anxiety—he is not quite sure if his ticket entitles him to travel first class.

What we may particularly notice in these essays is the width of the reference and the range of the knowledge. For Mr. Young belongs before the period of dangerous specialisation, before the split in our culture really gaped. For example, to the educated Victorian, with his cases of fossils and his collection of shells, science was not something that the humanists had to oppose, but something that had to be synthesised and reconciled (Tennyson, he points out, became universally read when he succeeded, on a popular level, in doing this, even at the cost of being sometimes "embarrassingly silly." Incidentally it is pleasant to have Victorian authority for the epithet which caused quite a flutter some months ago when Mr. Auden used it in the same connection). By the end of the 1914 war the gulf between science and humanism seemed complete, and it has not yet been bridged. The importance of bridging it is one of the horses Mr. Young continually rides. Another is the importance of educating the young between fifteen and eighteen. This is a main plank in his programme of aristocratising our democracy. It would be disastrous, he suggests, if two elements that matter especially to us in the aristocratic conception were lost. The first, the training of children in the passage from adolescence to manhood; the second, the sense of stock and continuity.

In the revolt against Victorianism too much was lost; and if there is a lesson to be learnt from Mr. Young (and of course the Victorians are inveterate preachers) it is that we must pick up again the threads that seem to have been dropped, that we must reclaim our ancestors. These essays are too diverse in subject to have a common theme: but this is one of the threads that keep recurring.

T. C. Worsley

MR. MURRY

Looking Before and After. By John Middleton Murry. *Sheppard Press.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Only Mr. Murry could have done it: to his latest collection of essays he has added a foreword repudiating most of what he says in the book. The argument and the refutation are equally emphatic, for Mr. Murry has an odd way of moving from a certainty that some idea is true to a certainty that the same idea is false without passing through any intermediate degrees of doubt. His present subject is pacifism. He believed for a time, not only in the wickedness of war, but in the futility of nation-scale efforts to create a peaceful society, and he suggested, in the manner of Robert Owen, that men should be educated into Socialism by living together in small communities where property was pooled and competition eliminated. Eight years of such communities, and Mr. Murry has been educated out of Socialism—and of pacifism.

Other ideologies have been in the past the objects of Mr. Murry's ambivalence. He is, I suppose, a "dialectical" thinker, but the process is a wasting one: thesis, antithesis, spiritual phthisis. Yet he has an astonishing virtuosity of mind, to which turns-about and somersaults come all too easily, and for which the interesting, unexpected angle has a potent, morbid fascination. With Mr. Murry's virtuosity goes a striking faculty of intellectual insight or, as he might himself prefer to call it, of imagination. This is his secret as a critic and biographer. Mr. Murry on Keats or Shakespeare or Jesus or Lawrence is often said to be Mr. Murry on Mr. Murry, yet such is Mr. Murry's gift for entering the mind of another writer, or immersing himself in the personality of the man he is concerned as a critic to explore, that he does seem in some peculiar sense to *become* the person he is describing.

Less than half the essays in the present volume are on literary matters. The rest have to do with politics and religion, and Mr. Murry employs again the same technique he has used with such interesting results as a critic and biographer. But here the results are more often than not confusing. He was for Vichy in 1941 and for De Gaulle in 1947, almost as if he wished to be perverse; but his every utterance is qualified by another, or contradicted or altered in its meaning. Mr. Murry went from poetry to politics through a heavy mist of German metaphysics (is he not the Carlyle of the twentieth century?) and what he has to say is distressingly ambiguous. He specifies his mission among pacifists as promoting the "purgation of conscience by consciousness," which seems to me to make no kind of sense. Other sayings can be understood as advocating Trotskyism, Fascism, quietism, monasticism, Transport House socialism, Anglicanism or the primitivism of D. H. Lawrence. When Mr. Murry is not baffling, he is on occasion wildly wrong. But the most surprising thing of all that strikes the reader of the present book is how often Mr. Murry is right. He has a way of being right, moreover, just where one could wish that he were wrong.

Maurice Cranston

The Romantic Comedy. By D. G. James. *Oxford University Press.* 18*s.*

Two gospels of hell and heaven; two categories of myth in English romanticism. The hellish pagan gospel is Blake's, and also the gospel of Keats and Shelley (though theirs is rather purgatorial). The Christian heavenly gospel is Coleridge's, by a passage

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through hell, and also the gospel of Cardinal Newman. It is worth hacking in sweat and irritation through a first chapter on Blake which is obtuse and unfriendly (Blake's "disregard for elementary rules of communication," an art reduced "to confusion and failure," "vague dreaming"), yet at times well argued. Better, though stuffily written chapters succeed, on Coleridge especially.

How much can the half-accepted myth—Blake's half-accepted Christianity, for instance—be *used* without a corresponding half-heartedness in the poetry? Certainty issues in symbol which Coleridge declared was "characterised by the translucence of the eternal through and in the temporal." Uncertainty breeds allegorical writing—"an allegory," Coleridge says, "is but a translation of abstract notions into a picture language which is itself nothing but an abstraction from objects of the senses." In Blake, above all in the prophetic books, allegory and symbol do cohabit uneasily. After Coleridge, with his Christian victory, there is all too much uncertainty and all too much of the allegorical in nineteenth-century literature; and, one may add, in painting by such men as Holman Hunt. All too much of a high-looking or high-sounding flabbiness. The triumph goes to the unflurried believer in God or in man, to the Hopkins or the Patmore or to the humanist painters of Impressionism. And in our day what of the allegorical uncertainties of an Orwell or a Koestler uneasily repudiating communism?

Professor James has not pushed so far, or indeed beyond, Newman; but that is how his book sets the mind working.

Week-end Competitions

No. 965

Set by Thomas Smallbones

"August for the people and their favourite islands." Competitors are invited to compose on this model a rhyming calendar of the months, one line to each month. Entries by August 24th.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 962

Set by Ralph Partridge

A Victorian mother told her daughter that in the worst crises of life, barring shipwreck, great comfort could be derived from repeating out loud: "I am an Englishwoman: I was born in wedlock: I am on dry land." The usual prizes are offered for three similarly reassuring statements that would be valid for a young woman today in any crisis, barring an atomic explosion.

Report by Ralph Partridge

I had no idea beforehand what sort of crises a modern young woman would be likely to expect: and I was astonished to find (if the 187 entries can be taken as a fair sample) that the commonest cause for alarm is exactly the same as that which probably made her great-grandmother tremble—attempted rape. Next in order of anxiety to the presence of an undesirable male comes the absence of a desired one, showing on what a tightrope of sexual emotion women's lives proceed. The third category of fears comes the risk of war and revolution, common to both sexes.

The main source of reassurance for women is unquestionably confidence in their personal appearance: and that is largely dependent on the immaculacy of their make-up. There was an astonishing absence of alcohol, tobacco and drugs—the usual recourse of humanity in ugly situations—and no reference at all to suicide—the ultimate refuge from difficulty. The only material objects, besides articles of apparel, whose possession would seem to restore confidence, are official documents in proper condition, (such as passports, insurance cards, ration books or clothing coupons) and contraceptives. Money is hardly mentioned. Cash can no longer be regarded as a counter to calamity.

The catchword "I couldn't care less" was favoured but has exhausted its potency in the predicaments of everyday life, and deserves no recommendation. Many entries contained one or two helpful items that deserve quotation.

"I was a breastfed child." J. C. A. DOW.

"I was conceived deliberately in Moscow." M. M. RUSSELL.

"I am an inter-zonal German bastard." J. MCILWAIN.

"I am a product of artificial insemination." FRANCIS ENTWHISTLE.

"I am standing on nationalised land." STELLA SCHOFIELD.

"I am inedible." C. L.

"I have never been unkind to dogs." DWIGHT SMITH.

"It isn't raining." JOHN STEVENSON.

"My hair is naturally curly." INGEBORG GLASER.

"I can turn the wireless off." E. M. BARLOW.

"I had a bath this morning." IVY STEYNOR.

"I didn't vote for this horrible Government." H. MATTHEWMAN.

"I feel safe as long as Mr. Churchill is alive." A.L.M

"I am very partial to corned beef, snoek, whalemeat and rose-hip syrup in small quantities." M. ANGLIM.

"I have a penny." BOTTLE AND C. F. C.

"I have survived a war:
My mother has survived two wars." GOODWILL.

"'They' have not got 'it' yet." CHARMIAN MIDDLETON.

"It sounds like one of ours." J. A. BURNETT.

"It can't be worse than the fate of St. Joan." G. R. JONES.

"My conscience is clean, also my undies." ROBERT GAFFIKIN.

"My personal points are still good." P. M.

"Mummy is broadminded." TYNTAX.

"I was expecting this anyhow." J. G. BOWEN.

"I like a change every now and again." DOREEN LASSMAN.

The runners-up are R. Shawcross, H. A. H. and Pearl: and I award a guinea each to John Grant, John Stevenson, Garden Boy, B. J. Hodge, M. Trench and John Thornton. (Address please)

I am wearing the New Look: I know of no fate worse than death: I was in the A.T.S. for four years.

JOHN GRANT

I shall soon be an Englishwoman. My child will be born in wedlock. I am in the British Zone.

JOHN STEVENSON

I'm alive
My appendix is out.
I've got my bag.

GARDEN BOY

I have School Certificate; I know typing and shorthand; I understand the use of contraceptives.

B. J. HODGE

(1) I am wearing my nylons.
(2) I have stuck on my stamps.
(3) The Government will pay.

M. TRENCH

I am Mid-African leddy. Modern Wumuloo village gel. No papers—but well in with the tribe.
Nice and fine.
I do not have to bother.

JOHN THORNTON

I'm not surprised.
I can scream if I like.
My hat's just right.

R. SHAWCROSS

I am *it*: I have "it": I've had it.

H. A. H.

I have lived in two places.
I was born on the right side of the Iron Curtain
I can burrow like a sub-rabbit.

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Appointments Vacant

None of the vacancies in these columns relates to a man between 18 and 50 inclusive or a woman between 18 and 40 inclusive unless he or she is excepted from the provision of the Control of Engagement Order, 1947, or the vacancy is for employment excepted from the provision of that Order.

UNIV. of Wales. Univ. College of N. Wales, Bangor. The Council will shortly proceed to appoint a Secretary and Registrar. Applicants should be Univ. Graduates with admin. exp. Stipend £1,450 p.a., plus superann. and family allowances. Knowledge of Welsh conditions will be a relevant qualification. Applics. should be sent to Glyn Roberts, Sec. and Registrar, from whom further partics. must be obtained, by August 28, 1948.

UNIV. College of South Wales and Mon. Cardiff and University College of Swansea, Swansea. The Councils of the Colleges propose jointly to appoint a Director of Extra-Mural Studies. Sal. £1,200 p.a. Applics. to be received at once by Registrar of either College from whom further partics. obtainable. Louis S. Thomas, Registrar, Cardiff College. Edwin Drew, Registrar, Swansea College.

CITY of Leeds. Children's Officer. Applics. invited from suitably qualified and experienced persons, either male or female, for above appointment. Pref. will be given to candidates who possess either a Univ. Degree or Diploma in Social Science. Incl. salary scale £850 by increments of £50 to £1,000 p.a. Duties will comprise those specified in the Children Act, 1948, and will necessitate exp. in dealing with children deprived of a normal home life (incl. children boarded-out, in Homes and Approved Schools) and in modern methods of child welfare. Appointment will be subject to Local Government Superann. Act, 1937, and successful applicant will be reqd. to pass a medical exam. Applics. endorsed "Children's Officer" stating age, qualifics. and exp. and accompanied by copies of 3 recent testimonials, should reach me by 28 Aug. 1948. There is no printed applic. form or list of duties. Canvassing in any form, either directly/indirectly, will be a disqualification. O. A. Radley, Town Clerk. Civic Hall, Leeds, 1.

UNIV. College of Swansea. The Council of the College invites applics. for post of Lecturer in Social Science and Supervisor of Studies for the Diploma Course in Social Science. Starting salary, within scale £500-£25-£750 p.a. will be determined by exp. and qualifics. of successful candidate. Appointment will date from Jan. 1, 1949. Further partics. obtainable from Registrar, University College, Singleton Park, Swansea, by whom applics. must be received before Sat., Sept. 11, 1948.

HAMPSHIRE C.C. Applics. invited for post of whole-time Psychiatric Social Worker on staff of the County Medical Officer. Candidates should hold the Mental Health Cert., or a Diploma approved by the Association of Psychiatric Social Workers, and should have had exp. in social work. Salary will be in accordance with scale laid down by Joint Negotiating Committee, namely £370 rising by annual increments of £550 p.a. incl. of cost of living allowance. Appointment will be subject to provisions of Local Govt. Superann. Act, 1937. Use of a car is essential for the appointment and if the officer's private car is used, travelling allowances will be paid on County Scale for time being in force. Applic. forms, with full details of the appointment may be obtained from The County Medical Officer, The Castle, Winchester, to whom completed forms should be returned by 31 August, 1948.

RHODES University College, Grahamstown, S. Africa. Applics. invited for the post of Lecturer in English from Jan. 1949. Sal. Scale: Men, £550×£25—£700; Women: £425×£25—£575. Temporary cost of living allowance is added. Previous exp. and academic qualifics. may be taken into account when fixing initial sal. Full partics. & applic. forms from A. E. Shields, Registrar, with whom applics are to be lodged by Sept. 15.

THE Central Council for Health Education invites applics. for appointment of Education Officer at a comm. salary of £650 p.a. Duties will consist largely of lecturing to various types of audiences throughout the country on general health education, including sex education and biology. A high standard of lecturing ability is essential. Appropriate travelling and subsistence allowances. Staff Pension Fund. Forms of applic. and further partics. may be obtained from Medical Adviser & Sec., Central Council for Health Education, Tavistock House, Tavistock Sq. W.C, on receipt of a s.a. foolscap env. and must be returned, tog. with copies of two recent testimonials by August 27, 1948.

ROYAL Holloway College, Univ. of London. Applics. invited for post of Residence Officer. Candidates should be women grads. in any Faculty, including the College of Estate Management, and should be prepared to take responsibility for certain administrative and other duties, inclg. the arrangements for conferences in vacations. Intial salary will be from £400 to £450 p.a., according to qualifics. and exp., together with board and residence. Further partics. may be obtained from Principal, Royal Holloway College, Englefield Green, Surrey, to whom applics. should be sent by Sept. 4. Successful candidate will be expected to take up duties early in Oct., 1948.

L.C.C. Applics. invited for the post of non-resident Assistant Mistress (nursery school trained) at Ashford Residential Nursery School, Middx., to teach children aged 3-5 yrs. Sal.—Burnham scale. Forms from Educ. Officer (T.S/5), County Hall, Westminster Bridge, S.E.1 (s.a.e. necessary). Returnable by Aug. 28. Canvassing disqualifies. (1734).

Appointments Vacant—continued

A SOCIAL scientist is reqd. to join a team in Aberdeen which is carrying out research on maternal and child health in that city. Person appointed will be responsible for the social and economic aspects, and will be assisted by two almoners; there will be adequate secretarial and statistical assistance. Pref. given to candidates with a degree in sociology or another of the social sciences. Appointment will be for a period of four years in first place; salary according to qualifics. Applics., giving full personal partics., names of 2 refs., date when work could be started, and present position as regards superannuation should be sent to R. M. Titmuss, Social Medicine Research Unit, c/o Ministry of Health, Whitehall, S.W.1, before August 25.

SURREY C.C. Educ. Committee, Gosden House Boarding Special School (Bramley, Nr. Guildford). Applics. invited from qualified teachers for posts of three Assistant Mistresses in Gosden House Boarding Special School for Educationally Sub-Normal Children. Posts provide opportunity for initiative and individual methods. Salary Burnham Scale for Assistant Teachers in Special Schools (i.e., two increments payable in addition to scale salary for service in Primary and Secondary Schools), plus allowance for extraneous duties. Applic. forms obtainable on receipt of stamped (2½d.) and addressed env. from Chief Educ. Officer, County Hall, Kingston-upon-Thames, Surrey.

THE Hull Community Council propose to appoint an Organising Secretary at a max. commencing sal. of £500 p.a. in order to develop their work as a Council of Social Service, and invite applics. from those who possess exp. in the field of social service, pref. with training in social science. Applics. to the Hon. Secy. Hull Community Council, 108 Westbourne Ave. Hull, by Aug. 28.

UNIVERSITY of Edinburgh. Assistantship in Political Economy. The University Court invite applics. for appointment to an Assistantship in Political Economy. Sal. will be £400 p.a. and the Assistant will be expected to take up duty on Oct. 1. The University Court will be prepared to consider making a grant towards the expenses of removal. Applics. with the names of 2 refs. to be sent to Secretary to the University by Aug. 31.

BURFORD House School, Putney. Applics. invited for post of Headmistress of Burford House School, 104, West Hill, Putney, S.W.15, a Junior Approved School taking 24 specially selected girls of good intelligence, attending secondary and technical schools. Applicants should be under 45 and have exp. of dealing with difficult girls, a practical interest in modern educ. development and residential exp. are desirable. Headmistress will be responsible for the home life and leisure activities of the girls, their placing on leaving school and after-care supervision. Salary £330 to £495, plus full residential emoluments. The School, which is being re-equipped, will be opening shortly. Applics., stating age and exp., in writing to the Correspondent at the School.

L.C.C. Education Officer's Department. Applics. invited from women for appointment as after-care officer. Salary £425 by £25 to £550 a year. Duties may include all types of after-care work (approved schools and residential schools, etc.). Week-end and evening duty may be involved. Due weight will be given to possession of a Social Science Diploma and/or exp. in social work but not so as necessarily to exclude applicants without those qualifics. Apply on form obtainable (s.a. foolscap env. necessary), from Education Officer (Estab./2), County Hall, London, S.E.1, to be returned by October 16. (1817.)

L.C.C. Applics. invited for post of resident Assistant Master at Grafham Grange School for Educationally Sub-normal Junior Boys, Bramley, near Guildford, Sy. Ability to play the piano desirable. Sal.—Burnham scale plus 2 increments carried beyond max. Emoluments of boarding, lodging (single quarters) and washing, in consideration of supervisory duties outside school hours. Applic. forms from Educ. Officer (T.S/5), County Hall, Westminster Bridge, S.E.1 (s.a.e. necessary), returnable by Aug. 28. Canvassing disqualifies.

FOUNTAIN Hospital Management Committee, Tooting Grove, S.W.17. Applics. invited for post of Psychiatric Social Worker at the Fountain Hospital for mentally defective children and adult females. Salary £370—£20—£530 p.a., with addition up to £75 p.a. according to exp. Applics. within 14 days with details of exp. and qualifics. and names and addresses of two referees to Secretary at above address.

CITIZENS' Advice Bureaux. Travelling Officer for Wales. The National Council of Social Service invite applics. from persons who have a thorough knowledge of the Social Services, statutory and voluntary, and of the local government system; able to speak in public and with a knowledge of Welsh. Headquarters will be in Cardiff. Salary in range of £375 according to qualifics., plus travelling and subsistence allowances on Council's scale; superann. scheme. Applics, which should not include testimonials, should be sent by Aug. 28 to Asst. Sec., National Council of Social Service, 26 Bedford Square, London, W.C.1.

ORGANISER required by the National Council of Labour Colleges for the East of Scotland area, centre Edinburgh. Sal. £400 p.a. 4 weeks holiday. Applicants should possess ability to lecture on subjects normally taught by the N.C.L.C. Applics. to J. P. M. Millar, General Secretary, N.C.L.C., Tillicoultry, Scotland.

WANTED in September for Secretarial College, well educated and experienced teacher of Pitman's Shorthand. Box 4867.

Appointments Vacant—continued

CITY of Norwich. National Health Service Act, 1946. Organiser of Domestic Helps. Applics. invited for post of Organiser of Domestic Helps. Sal. £350 p.a. rising by 2 annual increments of £20 and one of £10. to £400 p.a. Partics. from Medical Officer of Health, 68 St. Giles' St. Norwich. Applics. must be received by August 31.

YOUNG man, 25/35, reqd. assist Secretary. Good prospects for man with initiative and enterprise. Comm. salary £350. Interest in gardening an advantage. Apply: National Allotments & Gardens Society Ltd., Drayton House, Gordon St. W.C.1.

CITIZENS' Advice Bureaux workers wanted by Family Welfare Association in their Central London Bureaux. Applicants should have Social Science Diploma or similar qualification and must be between 25 and 45. Six months' training given. Salary £250 to £300. Easy hours, would suit married Social Worker. Applications should be made to Family Welfare Assoc. 296 Vauxhall Bridge Rd. S.W.1.

UNIVERSITY College, London. Applics. invited from women, pref. grads., for post of Warden of Hostel for 40 women students. Partics. from Secretary, University College, London, Gower St. W.C.1, to whom applics. should be sent.

NATIONAL Union of Students has vacancies for Travel Organiser, Vacation Work Organiser, and Shorthand-Typists. For details, send S.A.E. to 3 Endsleigh St., W.C.1.

BETHNAL Green. Applics. invited for post of Club Leader (man). Full range of Clubs and Play Centres. Woman leader also employed and voluntary help available. New premises being completed now under Min. of Educ. permit. Salary £250 p.a., with good unfurn. flat above club premises, heating and light included. Part-time work considered. Full partics. of age, qualifics., training and exp., with copies of two testimonials and names of two refs., to Warden, St. Hilda's Settlement, 3 Old Nichol St., London, E.2, by Sept. 4.

EAST Suffolk and Ipswich Hospital, Ipswich, 350 beds. Domestic Supervisor reqd. with previous exp. of institutional management. Commencing sal. £240 resident. Apply Matron for further partics.

ASSISTANT required at the Hungerford Hostel. Work involves administration and maintenance of the Hostel including casework. Non-resident. Apply in writing, Warden, 25A Wincott St. Lambeth, S.E.11.

EXCEPTIONAL Opportunity for youthful man or woman preferably with knowledge of magazine publishing and film production. Good organiser; adaptable; commonsense; social flair. Please state age, exp., salary. Photograph if possible. Box 4974.

SOCIAL Educ. Is it your concern? Barns Hostel School, Ancrum, Roxburghshire, a Rec. Resid. Special School for difficult boys, urgently needs a qualified teacher for General Subs. with Arts and Crafts this Sept. Teviot scale plus full board. Apply Headmaster.

STAFFORD D.L.P. Applics. invited for position of Secretary/Agent. Salary and conditions in accordance with terms of National Agreement. Applic. forms from Mr. J. C. Evans, 68 Eastgate St. Stafford, to whom they must be returned by Sept. 13.

WANTED: London, early autumn, intelligent, responsible woman under 40—for work with children and young people; keen interest social problems essential; trng. and exp. an advantage, but applics. welcomed from ex-service women and others. Sal. from £150, accdg. to exp., plus full residence. Box 4737.

VACANCIES occur for men to train as Secretaries of the Y.M.C.A. Applicants should be 21-30, of good education, of definite Christian exp. and must possess capacity for leadership and a sense of Christian vocation. They should have had some exp. in work with youth. Applic. in writing to: Personnel Sec., Y.M.C.A., 112 Gt. Russell St. W.C.1.

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